

AMERICA AND ITS REALITIES.

America, its Realities and Resources: comprising important Details connected with the present Social, Political, Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial State of the Country, its Laws and Customs, together with a Review of the Policy of the United States that led to the War of 1812, and Peace of 1814, the Right of Search, the Texas and Oregon questions, &c. &c. By FRANCIS WYSE, Esq. "Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." 3 vols. cloth, 8vo. London: Newby. 1846.

What is the reason that, of all countries in the world, the most difficult one of which to get an accurate, a just, and candid account, is America? That it is so is unquestionable. Did any one ever see a book on America, written by a European, that came up to the American standard of what a good book on America should be? On the other hand, a large proportion of the British people have no standard at all on the subject; and accordingly, a great number of the works written to meet their taste, bear on the face of them the impress of caricature. It is true there is an incipient improvement in the character of the travellers; and of course in the spirit, and tone, and truthfulness of their observations. Men holding a certain position in society—scientific men, the Lyells and Fetherstonhaughs, who have travelled and reported; and again, those who have encountered, on public occasions scientific or religious, the distinguished Americans who have been wont recently to visit these countries, or who have maintained a correspondence with such men on the other side of the Atlantic—these have done much to disabuse the public mind, and to impart to it correct notions of men and things in America. Still, the impressions produced by preceding writers are far from being erased. This is especially the case with those created by writers of popular works of fiction; a class of authors so habituated to exaggerate for effect, that they often unconsciously overstate, understate, and misstate what they wish their readers to regard as facts. We have no hesitation, for instance, in declaring that "Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw" gives a much more trustworthy picture of the characters and scenes it professes to delineate, though avowedly a work of fiction, than the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," by the same author; and that the reader of the *former* will have not only

a more vivid, but a more accurate delineation of life in the new settlements, and in the slave states, than the reader of the *latter* will have, of life and its realities in the original states of the union. So much stronger is the *habit* of depicting from fancy, with a basis of truth and facts, than the *power* of describing from observation, when the medium is discolored by prejudice.

The poet of life and manners who lived many centuries ago—the Crabbe of the court of Augustus—who was low of stature, early grey-headed, fond of sunny weather, soon angry and easily pleased, and who knew human nature well, after some eight or nine *lustra* had matured his judgment, and added to it the discipline of close and accurate observation, introduces his rustic sage as summoning his auditors to listen, and form their opinions of a certain important subject "impransi;" and he assigns as the reason

. . . . "Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus Iudex."

Now *one* reason for the unjust and untrue portraits so often given of America and Americans, is, that their authors are in a condition as prejudiced, and as unfavorable for giving an accurate delineation, as an epicure would be for discussing the virtues of temperance.

There is, no doubt, another reason, in the difficulty of the subject itself. America, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, contains a most heterogeneous assemblage of men and things. It includes a very high degree of civilization and refinement, a large amount of wealth and luxury, a fair proportion of moral and religious excellence, and no ordinary share of scientific and intellectual attainment;—yet embracing a state of society closely bordering on the savage, with habitations, manners, and propensities almost such as are found in a state of nature,—leading to exhibitions of ignorance, brutality, and crime, that tempt one to renounce alliance and kindredship with them as degrading to our kind. There are, besides, within the territorial region familiarly and popularly styled America—though, however immense in size, it is yet but a part of it—not only every religious denomination almost, to be met with in *books*, but many *new* varieties springing up daily with all the prolific fertility of a soil not under the usual checks of an old country, and the restraints of long-established and settled society; and yet the well-directed visitant will meet with piety the most sincere,

education in its highest aspects, eloquence unsurpassed even on its most favored scene—the British senate, and patriotism not unworthy of Greek or Roman fame; and again, it will be very easy, if his tour be comprehensive, for him to encounter the most ignorant and brutal barbarism, and the most rude and wretched civil and moral degradation.

And yet, how often, if the remarker be partial or prejudiced, is some one phase of society, or scene, or fact, fixed on, and vividly depicted, and then exhibited with the motto appended, "America and the Americans." As well might a Chinese landing in England, and being introduced into a Guildhall feast, or dropt into a drawing-room in Bruton-street, write home an account of these as specimens of the universal style of living in England; and another do the same after being spectator of a Somersetshire wrestling match or a South Wales mining scene. One American landing in Derry, and taking up a newspaper with a notice to its country readers, that the flax market, usually held on Wednesday, will be held on Thursday, as Wednesday is the fast day in all the Presbyterian churches, might return with the tidings that the Irish are all Presbyterians, and of course rigid Sabbatarians, as they keep church holidays so strictly; and another landing at Westport, and falling in with a Mayo "patron," or at Cork, and encountering an Ownabuye-river, after-mass, chapel-meeting, with Father M'Namara and Dr. Ahearne as the chief speakers, might carry away the information that the Irish are all repealers, Romanists; the people ragged and noisy; the priests uneducated, ill-mannered demagogues; and that Sunday is their great day for riotous political assemblages, under the garb of charity, or for boisterous and savage amusement. Travellers ought to discriminate.

But besides the discrimination, we insist on those who describe a people being, in our application of the term, "impransi;" neither bribed by being fêted and feasted like Lord Morpeth and Charles Dickens, nor being made to "sup full" of dislike and chagrin, either from neglect and disappointment, or as being the victims of pecuniary loss, and martyrs to the failure of political anticipations. We abhor the principle—or rather the no principle—of "Repudiation" as much as any Englishman and all honest Americans do, as being alike dishonest and dishonorable; yet we would not give a "shin-plaster," to borrow an Americanism for the nonce, for the opinion of the late Canon of St. Paul's, the Rev. Sidney Smith, on the subject of the general character of the Americans for honor and integrity, the morning after the post brought him the tidings that he was some thousands a loser by that principle, or, rather, that reckless abandonment of all prin-

ciple, by his favorite republicans; and that, too, though the opinion were expressed with all his proverbial causticity, involving the whole people in the guilt of individual defaulters, including even those Americans who suffered more severely than himself.* And, besides, we think the sympathizers with democracy well merited the lesson thus practically taught them—who sent their solid cash abroad, after Transatlantic speculations, in order to bolster up their favorite theoretical opinions by aiding in the practical success of republican institutions; instead of vesting it at home, in Ireland, in national works of public, practical, and remunerative utility, to which genuine patriotism would have prompted them to apply it.

We had always understood, again, that the better class of American women were scrupulously delicate, even to fastidiousness, and that the men, moving in the same circle, were women-worshippers, even in the extreme; and would undergo any inconvenience rather than suffer a breeze unseasonably to breathe upon them. And so we were quite at fault to account for Mrs. Trollope's descriptions, till we learned from her American "Aristarchuses" that she had travelled in company with Fanny Wright, and lived with her for a season in "the Far West," and all the while had not been joined by her husband or any male relatives, as had been expected from her representations. This companionship we at once saw, with the lecturer on the rights of women, was not likely to prove attractive to the higher American female society; and wondered not, therefore, that her society was the opposite of sought after, however high her introductions to Parisian and Viennese coteries might have been; and so we arrived at the conclusion that it was quite possible to account for the respective estimates given by that lively literary lady, of "manners" on the continent, and "manners" in America.

If you take up Mr. James Silk Buckingham's three massive volumes, entitled "America, Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive," you will get a great amount of multifarious information. This you might expect, of course, even from the size of the book; for, if you want to know about the "Slave States" and "Canada," you must add the perusal of three equally ponderous tomes. But besides the quantity to be perused, you must pay the tax of following him through all the lec-

* The "shin-plasters" were promissory notes, passing as specie, for small sums, to be paid in the wares of the issuer, in a time of scarcity of the circulating medium. There were so many "casualties" possible between the time of issuing and presentation for payment, and so often the issuer was *non inventus*, that the term became proverbially expressive, though not exceedingly euphonious. — *Wyse*, i. 210-213.

tures he delivered, and the public meetings he attended, and the speeches he made on all subjects, and the festivities afforded him, and the votes of thanks he received, and his lucubrations on republicanism and voluntarism; through all which the *tinge* will tell you that he was not "*impransus*" at any point of his extensive tour. And if you pass to the "American Notes" of Mr. Charles Dickens, you will find all tested by the standard of London life. Even the phraseology of the hotel-waiters is deemed worthy of animadversion. At every stopping-place you will find that the author was an object of wonderment to the gaping crowd; that when the rumor ran that the founder of the Pickwickians was arrived by coach or steamer, the question was echoed from mouth to mouth, "Which is he?" And then you will learn how magnanimously the traveller's modesty was shocked at it; and how deplorably scanty, in some places, the bed-chambers were in the articles of carpeting, soap, and basins; and the awful rapidity of deglutition at the boarding-house tables. Even the color of the stream of the mighty "Mother of Waters" (Mississippi) was not sufficiently bright for one whose eyes were used to the silvery Thames. And then upon the principle of even-handed justice, you are bound to count the "Change for the American Notes," and you will not be much wiser from the contemplation of tilting and retaliation.

We disapprove of all authors, American or European, that cater to American vanity on the one hand, after lauding their very blemishes, and fostering their morbid disposition to compete with England, in points in which the peculiarities of the two countries render them respectively incompatible, instead of resting their claims upon things of unquestionable excellence. And we equally repudiate all writers that minister to British self-elation, on the other hand, by holding our Transatlantic brethren up to contempt, and thus fostering rankling animosity; tending, as it does—especially when clothed in a kind of demi-official authority—to perpetuate unkindly and discordant feelings between those who are, and who should live as brethren. We do not at all like the system that would, upon the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, make such a sentence as the following, a specimen of American phraseology:—"Our fists are mountains; every step is an earthquake, every blow a thunderclap, and every breath a tornado," and then talk of American gasconade. Nor that would make the circumstance which we have witnessed, of a respectable and educated New-Yorker, a member of the bar, laying down his knife and fork at a dinner-table, and decorating his "murphy" with his thumb-nail—a type of American vulgarity. Whatever he was in morals, Aristippus

was the model of what a traveller should be in America—

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res,
Tentantem majora, fere presentibus equum."

Of this kind were Dr. Lyell* and Mr. Fetherstonhaugh,† among others, and, to a certain extent, Mr. Buckingham, of whom we shall have occasion to make use before we close. It is now time, however, to pay our respects to the author whose work stands at the head of this article, Mr. Wyse.

We have heard a very respectable publisher say that a good preface is a mighty advantage to a book—especially if it follow a copious title-page; for it affords a reviewer an opportunity of giving a full account of the work, without forcing him to read it. Such reviewers will find Mr. Wyse's title-page sufficiently copious, as it promises "important details connected with the present social, political, agricultural, commercial, and financial state of the country, its laws and customs," &c. &c. And his preface, after depreciating preceding works as not conveying "to the discriminating and impartial reader, much less to the British emigrant, any real, solid, or useful information," declares the author's design to be, "to supply the void that thus exists—to present the British public with some correct data, on which to ground its opinions, and to furnish the emigrant of all grades and professions, with every useful instruction to assist and guide him in his hazardous undertaking." His qualifications, he says, are "the experience acquired by a considerable sojourn in the country, improved by observation and inquiry." Now, we submit that this would make a very respectable notice; but as we would not deal out their own Lynch-law even to the Americans, we are compelled to add that our author is not "*impransus*;" that by far the largest part of his statistical details did not require a residence of a day in America—though they may be useful to those who may not have access to almanacs, guide-books, States tourists, American Facts Books, &c. &c.; that his own personal experience, as far as appears from his book, however lengthened his residence, was limited to a very ordinary and contracted tour—that on the subjects of religion, education, and the state and conduct of our countrymen in America, of his own, that is, the Roman Catholic religion, he appears to labor under deep-seated prejudices, though he has exposed the hollowness of pretended

* Lyell's Travels in North America. 2 vols. Murray, London: 1845.

† Fetherstonhaugh's Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomack, to the Frontiers of Mexico. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845.

sympathy with the Repeal cause; that losses in commercial dealings, and disappointments in law affairs, seem to have soured his temper, and led him to violate the laws of logic, by founding universal assertions upon particular facts; and, in fine, that, from whatever cause, the language of the work abounds in inaccuracies; and the work itself labors under defects, some, perhaps, which might have been corrected, had he been patriotic enough to have the work published in his own country — others, that bear the impress of inexperience in composition; but altogether forming an amount sufficient to furnish examples of the violation of most of Lindley Murray's rules regarding propriety, accuracy, simplicity, and elegance of expression.

We shall now, first of all, give our readers an idea of what they may expect from Mr. Wyse's book; and shall then justify, by example, our censures, — thereby rendering a real service to the work, as our recommendation of it, for what deserves commendation, will be manifestly impartial. It is evidently *intended* to be the emigrant's guide, whether he is a merchant, a farmer, or a mechanic; and its *tendency* is decidedly to discourage emigration. With the information bearing upon the pursuits of these three classes, there is a good deal of miscellaneous matter; and a part of it bears on the relations of America with England. Mr. Wyse lands at New York, after a very gloomy passage of thirty-eight days, under a saturnine American captain, who had nearly left him, the ship, and other passengers, among the icebergs about Newfoundland. He then takes up the subject of emigration, and classing the emigrants according to their nations — Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish — he is led to notice the dispute between the Irish and the "Nativists." He proceeds to consider the constitution of the United States in general; and then that of each particular state, beginning with the thirteen original states, and proceeding to the others in succession, till he comes to the last, Texas. Our author next introduces us into the courts of law, on which, and the administration of justice, and lawyers in general, he is not very complimentary; this leads him, by an easy transition, to Lynch law, mob law, and sympathizers. His next topics are, religion, education, and the press; on all of which we think him an unsafe guide. He then passes to commerce; which, of course, introduces repudiation, currency, banking, and the post-office. Hence he passes to slavery; on which we shall have occasion to quote him with approbation. The American army and navy, his next subject, leads to a summary of the last war with this country; and so a discussion of the right of search, diplomacy, the annexation of Texas and Oregon.

The author then resumes his particular object, and takes up the agricultural emigrant: and so enters upon the land far west, the settlers, the traders; and in two chapters — 8 and 9 of vol. ii. — gives much valuable instruction and judicious advice. In the third volume he takes up the tradesman and mechanic; goes over in detail the productive trades; and closes by a geographical and statistical history of each particular State. It will be obvious, from this brief review, that though the arrangement is not very logical, after all deductions are made there is much that the general reader, and especially the emigrant, will find very valuable.

We have said, in the commencement of this article, that American travellers should discriminate; and this is particularly necessary on the subject of religion — as the New England states, originally colonized by the Puritans; the old states of the Union, such as New York and Pennsylvania, where there is a large proportion of Dutch and German settlers; the back settlements; and the slave states — present aspects of religion as different as can well be conceived among people designated by a common term Americans, and living in the same country. In the first of these, the external forms of the original settlers continue to prevail; though a deplorable change from their sound scriptural doctrines, to "the God-denying heresy," Unitarianism, has, especially in and around Boston, become fearfully prevalent. In the second, the proportions of religionists — whether Roman Catholics, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, or Congregationalists — more accord with England; and here it is, especially in the large towns, that infidelity abounds. It is not, perhaps, in reality, more prevalent than in the great manufacturing towns in England or Scotland, though, from the constitution, laws, and state of society, more unblushingly professed; and with similar efforts, by the different bodies separately to counteract it, as well as by united efforts in the form of town missions and visiting associations; but without the advantage of parochial division and a local established clergy. In the third division — the far west — while all sects are making strenuous efforts to make religious instruction keep pace with the rapidly extending population, there is a deplorable deficiency of ministerial superintendence. And in the last — the slave states — with the same external forms as elsewhere, the accursed system deteriorates the tone of moral feeling, and lowers the standard of Christian practice to an awful degree; and the sin of countenancing and succumbing to it lies, in a greater or less measure, at the door of them all. Doctor Lyell, whose book contains much im-

partial, general information, though he travelled and lectured as a geologist—when at New-haven, Connecticut, says:

"The town, with a population of 21,000, possesses fine avenues of trees in the streets, which mingle agreeably with the buildings of the University, and the numerous churches, of which we counted more than twenty steeples. When attending service, according to the Presbyterian form, in the College Chapel on Sunday, I could scarcely believe I was not in Scotland."—*Travels*, i. p. 14.

It is in the large, and comparatively densely peopled old states, that the Roman Catholic religion chiefly prevails, though their missionaries are following the settlers into the back settlements. So much are they feeling their strength, that one of their bishops maintained a public discussion at Cincinnati, the western capital, for several days, with a countryman of ours, a noted disputant, Alexander Campbell, formerly a Presbyterian minister, but now the founder of a Baptist sect, bearing his name. They (the Romanists) are chiefly emigrants from Ireland; and as long as they were comparatively few and poor, and devoid of power or influence in municipal and state elections, they were quiet; and our ears were stunned with the laudations of American liberality, as contrasted with British intolerance, by Irishmen in America, and our patriots at home, *on the one hand*; and *on the other*, by the Americans themselves, who took the agitator's account of the Irish Romanist, as a paragon of a meek, and peaceful, and persecuted being, as true; and who firmly believed and broadly asserted that the native Irish were the most enslaved and oppressed people under the sun, and their clergy—under persecution worse than any of the *ten*, outdoing in submissive patience the primitive pastors of the Christian church. They grew in numbers, however, and in wealth; the dormant spirit that burns in the bosoms of the MacHales, the O'Higginses, and Cantwells, was kindled in the American-Irish priests; their subjects became possessed of the rights of citizenship; they were banded as a solid phalanx under their clergy; they tried to predominate where lately they were contented to be tolerated; they wanted state grants for exclusively Romish education, instead of being contented to share in the grants for common educational purposes. The Americans became alarmed; they formed societies for the protection of native interests; the rulers and people became convinced that there was nothing in Republican institutions that could extract the *virus* out of the system. Then came reaction, collision, the Charlestown Convent-burnings, the Philadelphia riots—which, like all violence and all riots, we

abhor; and most, when on the side of truth and right, which need them not, and disclaim them—and now comes the tale of the persecution of the innocents, the sufferers for religion and conscience' sake!—

"Each individual contributes to the support of the church to which he may belong, without entrenching upon the pockets of his neighbour, or filching from his hard earnings, to sustain in worldly and anti-apostolic affluence the idle and intolerant—the frequently persecuting ministers of an opposing and dominant creed. Sectarian animosities are, nevertheless, found to exist in America as elsewhere. It is not because transplanted to another soil that the Presbyterian is the less selfish and illiberal in his notions—the Episcopalian the less insolent and domineering in the assumed superiority of his recent faith—or the unlucky Catholic the less persecuted because no longer subject to the legal proscription that marked his inferiority in the old country. The same passions and prejudices—the same injustice and illiberality—the same intolerant and anti-Christian spirit that has so often betrayed itself—set man against his fellow-man, and embittered all social intercourse in the old world, are often found to exist in the same prurient state—in the same freshness and energy, among their descendants in the new."—*i.*, p. 269.

But, in an earlier part of the volume, p. 59 *et sequens*, he had condemned his emigrant countrymen for their

"Too frequent and busy interference in all matters of internal or domestic government, in which the circumstance of their early naturalization has permitted them to take part—the violent partizanship of their general proceedings in all municipal and other contests, to which he had often painfully borne witness."

He had declared that

"They carry with them, in too many instances, to the new world, the prejudices and dislikes engendered by early associations in the old—the sectarian animosity; the unsettled and peculiar notions which the absence of all liberal and enlightened instruction, together with the sickly influence of a morbid political excitement to which they are ever subject in their own country, cannot fail to produce."

He had asserted that the Irish Romanist, in America, is

"Generally found amongst the most busy and uproarious in his interference at every election: classing himself as of the ultra-democracy of the country, and frequently carrying his notions of liberty, in the exercise of his newly-acquired right, to the verge of licentiousness."

And then, when he has tried to re-enact the scenes of a Mayo election, or of a Mullaghmast repeal meeting, and carry all before him by dint

of clamor and violence, and meets from respectable society in America precisely the return that he would in his own country—whether from Roman Catholic or Protestant—disgust and contempt; or, when, though inferior in numbers, but strong in reckless and insolent daring, he tries how far the endurance of his peaceably-inclined, though powerful neighbours, can tolerate a public manifestation of insulting and impious display—as in the case of repeal processions at Armagh or Dungannon—and meets the reward which, though not creating astonishment, cannot but be deplored; then, forsooth, he suffers because he is a Papist; he is a martyr to his religion at the hands of blood-loving American Orangemen.

For Mr. Wyse, adds, that

“These excesses were much increased by the religious feeling and embittered acrimony evolved in them;”—“that the distinctiveness of the Irish emigrant population, their unity and combination has unwisely formed them into a diverse and separate community, apparently of separate interests from the native citizen.”

And as they had been, at home, trained to be the ready tools of every nimble-tongued or venturesome demagogue, so did the love of frolic, or the pride of carrying a point, lend the co-operation sought for in any party contest—

“Their religious and national prejudices for the while encouraged; their very faults lauded as the explication of every known virtue by the party who may hope to profit by their support.”

Of America, Mr. Wyse says:—

“Here every man is allowed to worship his Creator according to the dictates of an approving conscience, in whatever form most suited to his early-instructed notions, and without being held accountable to his fellow-men in his belief.”—p. 269.

This would be quite enough to satisfy the “selfish and illiberal Presbyterian, or the “insolent and domineering Episcopalian,” in Spain or Italy; and if circumstances led to the emigration of them to these countries by thousands—from destitution at home—mostly landing in a condition little above pauperism; and if not satisfied with being put upon a level with the natives in getting employment, as the means of getting comfort and wealth, and with perfect civil and religious equality, they were to band themselves together for the purpose of filling the municipal and state offices with noisy and unprincipled adventurers—after the example of their native country, and encouraged by constant communication with similar spirits there, to whom a delusive liberality on the part of government had afforded the opportunity of suc-

cess in such an experiment—then let them pay the penalty of their unreasonable and misguided daring, and learn by bitter experience to distrust the unprincipled traffickers in their ignorant credulity.

According to Mr. Wyse, in the American mercantile community, honor, good faith, and integrity are invariably sacrificed to the love of gain. He illustrates the position from his own experience in a particular instance, given in detail much too long for us to quote (vol. i. 434—442); and then, in his usual style of universal accusation, in answer to the allegation “this was an extreme case,” he says:—

“Such we aver, is not the case: our further experience has fully satisfied us that the conduct of these parties seldom forms an exception in the every-day intercourse and dealings of the generality of the people of these states, who look upon such digressions as matter of trivial or mere secondary import, and rather take care to withhold all such opportunities from each other than to expect that either will resist the temptation of converting them to their own purposes, whenever thrown in their way by any fortuitous or accidental circumstances.”—i. pp. 442, 443.

Now we have always understood that American merchants are shrewd; that they know the worth of money, and will when practicable turn it to account; but we protest against the assumption that roguery is the rule of their dealings—the exceptions being limited to such cases as render its practice impracticable by the greater cunning of another rogue; that an agreement between mercantile men and lawyers for deliberate fraud, both being all the while “honorable men”—this is the phrase he quotes—is quite a matter of course; and that the whole system of American traffic is based upon the principle—get money, honestly if you can, but if not honestly, at least get money. The moral character of a commercial people is not to be thus lightly given to the winds; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that among the merchants of New York and Philadelphia, there is as high a sense of honor and integrity, as much fairness and justice in their dealings, and as noble sacrifices to principle and truth as can be found anywhere; and that the mercantile men of Dublin, Liverpool, London, Bristol, and Glasgow will be the very foremost in making the assertion. Dr. Lyell, who travelled during the financial crisis in 1841 and 1842, gives a view of the whole subject (vol. i., chap. ii.) which should be read by every one interested in the matter; judiciously distinguishing the states that deserve, and those that deserve not censure; the legislatures that unprincipledly shrank from the unpopularity of imposing a tax to meet public engagements, and

the individual statesmen and merchants that were, many of them, the greatest sufferers; and contrasting the conduct of

"Congress in 1812-14, when a proposal was twice made in Congress to discontinue the payments of dividends to the English creditors, on the ground that they were enemies. On both occasions the proposal was rejected as dishonest and with marked expressions of disapprobation, at a time when the direct taxes levied by the federal government pressed heavy on the people. The debt went on increasing after the close of the war, but was at length entirely paid off in 1835." — *Lyell*, i., 226, 227.

But the population has rapidly increased; new states are constantly added to the union; the old ones are overwhelmed, and as Mr. L. says —

"The majority of those whose money was vested in American securities, belonged to the party which always indulged the most sanguine hopes of the prospects of the American republic, and estimated most highly the private worth of the people, and their capacity for self-government; they suffered doubly, being disappointed alike in their pecuniary speculations and their political views. It was natural, therefore, that a reaction of feeling should embitter their minds, and incline them to magnify and exaggerate the iniquity of that conduct which had at once impugned the soundness of their judgment, and inflicted a severe injury on their fortunes. Hence not a few of them, confounding together the different states, have represented all the Americans as little better than swindlers, who, having defrauded Europe of many millions sterling, are enjoying tranquilly and with impunity the fruits of their knavery. The public works executed with foreign capital, are supposed by many in England to yield a large profit on the outlay, which is not the case in any one of the delinquent states." — i., 218, 219.

We do not pity the lovers of republicanism who encouraged the Yankees in their "go-ahead system," and risked their money in order to display successfully the glories of that system, while so much of national interest was to be done at home. Nor will we suffer the high-minded, conservative, mercantile community of commercial America, to be confounded either with newly-fledged, upstart patriots of the new states — "Young America," nor with the unprincipled, prowling adventurers that are to be found in all large trading communities, some of whom seem to have used their "soft sawder" to purpose on Mr. Wyse, but the effect of which has proved any thing but soothing to his temperament in reference to Americans.

Mr. Wyse is not much more complimentary to the lawyers than to the merchants. According to him there is a very extensive combination of the one class with the other to carry on their

iniquitous designs; and as the two professions of attorney and barrister are united, it appears that there are great facilities afforded for the practitioners in chicanery. The judges, he says, are not sufficiently independent; the education for the bar is not sufficient to secure respectability; and the whole system is one of corruption and venality. After giving some characteristic anecdotes and descriptions of some of the judges by name, and instances on hearsay scarcely credible, of their ignorance and perversion of justice, he says —

"Our own business in various parts of the Republic, as well as the business of others especially confided to our charge, rendered it necessary at different periods that we continued in the country, to employ some twelve or thirteen different professional agents (lawyers and attorneys), many of them sustaining a high and even an honorable reputation amongst their competitors — such men as the late Hon. Henry R. Storrs,* William Betts, of New York, J. Duer, of New York, David B. Ogden,† Hon. J. K. Kane,‡ Hon. J. M. Dallas,§ with others whom we forbear to name — and can truly aver, that of the twelve or thirteen it was necessary we should confide to, nine of the number either shamefully and deliberately betrayed the trust we had reposed in them, became accessories with the party opposed to do us mischief, or otherwise compelled us to purchase their fidelity and questionable services by the tender and payment of an unusual and extravagant bribe, which the tender consciences of these individuals no doubt set down as the legitimate perquisites of an honorable profession." — i. 136, 137.

We have inserted this statement, because it is the author's assertion of a fact, of his own knowledge; and, if it is not correct, it ought to be corrected. There is, however, another statement which he makes, connected with American law and lawyers, and which, though not resting on his own personal knowledge, yet is given with such minute particularity, as almost stamps it with authenticity; and yet, it is so atrocious, that we can scarcely give credence to the fact of its existence. It is a society, composed of thirty-three lawyers, with a president, called the Tetrarch, whose object is —

* A man of extraordinary and brilliant talents, and for some years a member of the legislature. He is since dead.

† "Who is of very considerable eminence, and one of the leading members of the New York bar. His practice is generally confined to the United States' Courts (the Court of Errors, the Senate), or in appeal cases at Washington."

‡ "A near friend of the late President Jackson, and connected with his government as one of three commissioners for arranging the late French Indemnity to the United States."

§ "At the time of our employing him, Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania; since then, the United States' Minister at the Court of Russia; and now Vice-President of the United States."

"To collect information about doubtful titles to property, and make up correct legal opinions about them. When a defect is discovered in any man's title, if the property involved is valuable, the Tetrarch orders one of the members to make terms with one side or the other interested, for the conduct of a suit at law, which is done at the expense of the club, and generally for a certain portion of the amount received. The immense property thus acquired is thrown into a general fund, after each member takes a certain portion, which is appropriated to his own use."

This secret association, it is stated —

"Constitutes an invisible chain of intelligence over the Union, from New Orleans to Boston."

Its operations

"Though seen nowhere, are felt everywhere; a knowledge of facts, titles, and doubtful questions of law, are ferreted out, and carried by the ruler along the whole line of councils, undergoing an analysis in each of them, that defies both mistakes and defects. All Acts of Congress, all State Acts, all municipal regulations, all public and private corporations, all public and private donations, and, in fact, the title of every man who has a large fortune, are secretly overhauled, reported on, and shaped by the councils in the most imposing form to pass through the courts.

"The whole of the States is divided into eight districts; four members compose a council in each of them; and when they divide, the ruler decides. . . . Each member before he dies, or resigns, nominates his successor. 'Few die, and none resign.' . . . An oath of unconditional submission is administered on admission. . . . The examination is of the most rigid kind; any one, to pass it, must be versed in the principles both of the common and civil law, in the rights of persons and property, in constitutional principles, and particularly in the original structure of the feudal system, and its connection with modern tenures; comprehending in its purview an interminable horizon of learning that seems to recede for ever as the mind advances."

Of all this, and the further details for which we have not room, but which are given (vol. i. pp. 137 — 142) at full length, the author may well state that —

"By its secret workings it becomes a prolific and poisoned source of litigation, blighting the prospects of many a fair and industrious family, and everywhere carrying trouble and misfortune in its train. . . . Guided in their conduct by the most selfish motives, uncontrolled by none (any?) of the kindlier feelings of man's nature, to restrain the wantonness of an undue interference in the affairs of others, they become the scourge of civilized life — the cause of dissension and the bitterest animosity wherever they tread, to wherever their labors are directed: setting kinsman against kinsman, child against his parent; uprooting all the most sacred

and social ties that bind mankind together, and disseminating their poison, with the sure and stealthy pace of the midnight assassin, through every vein and artery of the republic."

If one half of what is recorded by our author be true, we agree with him that it "surely becomes the nation to uproot this wicked and unhallowed institution; to restore peace and harmony amongst its population, instead of the dissension, the domestic strife and rancor, which the schemes and continued efforts of this dangerous and irresponsible body is sure to generate."

We close our reference to it by citing Mr. Wyse's closing paragraph regarding it; because it fearfully stamps on it the semblance of authenticity: —

"The Honorable Edward Livingstone, up to the period of his late embassy, in 1835, to the court of France, is stated to have been the Tetrarch of this nest of domestic conspirators; and to have been for several months, a few years back, at Harrisburg, the capital of the state of Pennsylvania, making search amongst the public records, to discover flaws in the title to a large tract of country called 'Nicholson's Lands,' comprising more than 100,000 acres; the greater part of which had, of late years, been improved and built upon, by their present owners. Several suits were subsequently commenced in the United States' courts for a portion of this property; and we believe are yet pending."

It is not easy to get out of the hands of the lawyers anywhere, and least of all out of the hands of these Americans; but we must carry our readers forward to other matters, though there is a great deal that will interest the emigrant especially, about the laws affecting various subjects, and the different courts of justice, the character and conduct of the administrators of law and justice, with the modes of proceeding in them, and the various expedients for evading justice, with the following appalling declaration, as the result of Mr. Wyse's

"Own experience in the country; not only of the lamentable want of ability, but also of integrity and moral fitness of the generality of those called on to administer the laws, to whose tender mercies the lives and fortunes of every individual are necessarily committed: and from whom, under their present organization, we might as reasonably hope for a fair and impartial administration of justice, as from the veriest and most corrupt tribunal of the least tolerant of European despotisms." — (vol. i., page 116.)

From bad law, worse administered, upon the maxim which Mr. Wyse says (i. 201) was distinctly and openly avowed by the late President Jackson, "that every man had a right to interpret the laws as he understood them," the tran-

sition is easy to "Lynch law," of which every body has heard, though with its origin few are acquainted. Judge Lynch, "the terrible judge," was, it seems, a native of South Carolina, who had emigrated to Kentucky shortly after Daniel Boone, the "pioneer," had established himself there. Kentucky was then called "the dark and bloody ground," and the nearest court-house of justice was four hundred and fifty miles distant from "the settlers." An Indian had stolen a horse from Boone; he was caught almost in the act, and Boone instituted a court and twelve jurors to try him. John Lynch was elected chief justice. The Indian was tried, convicted, and sentenced to receive "forty stripes save one," which were forthwith inflicted. The authority thus given to Lynch he retained, and though "a daring, dissolute fellow, addicted to every species of vice," it has not been alleged "that his decisions were partial or unjust." He outlived Boone, the explorer of the "then unknown territory bordering on the Ohio, but now known as the populous and wealthy States of Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee," and resided, during the later part of his life, on an island in the Mississippi. (i. 203-208.) From him came the phrase "Lynch law," when the mob, in some of the remoter, or Slave States, constitute themselves judge, jury, and executioner; though it is evident, that whereas in the case of the original Lynch there was an excuse for the practice, in the exigency of the circumstances—that it was a necessary substitute for individual and summary vengeance, the phrase is dishonored in its application to the savage and lawless doings of prejudiced and infuriated mobs.

As we are upon the subject of the origin of Americanisms, we may as well notice the "Bowie knife," which is often substituted for the "axe of the executioner" in carrying out the sentence of "Lynch Law," or of private vindictive feeling. A reckless profligate, Razin Bowie, gave the name to this most formidable and deadly weapon, which, Mr. Wyse assures us, in one of his constantly-recurring, unqualified assertions, "almost every individual in America, more particularly in the southern states, carries; some, perhaps, for assassination, but many as their best and only defence against injury. (Vol. i., pp. 213, 214.) This Bowie, it seems, having squandered his property, was obliged to fly to Texas, for slaying a man in a duel. It seems that at Natchez a dispute arose between him and a man named Black, at mid-day, at a card table, and Bowie drawing his knife," "which," says our author, substituting, as usual, the *universal* for the *particular*, "was a case one, with a blade about four inches long, such as the Americans always carry in their pockets," chal-

lenged his opponent to battle. The challenge was accepted; the combatants seated themselves on each side of a small square table, and for about twenty minutes they slashed away at each other, and both were severely cut. Bowie at length rose, and with a desperate oath, rushed upon his antagonist, and stabbed him to the heart. He fled, and during his exile in Texas, employed his time in improving his weapon, so that he might, as he himself expressed it, "rip a man up right away." The improved knife has

"A two-edged blade, about nine inches long, slightly curved towards the point, and sufficiently thick on the back to serve as a chopper, in which way it is formidable enough, but not so much so as in thrusting. The blade is covered with a sheath, and when neatly got up, as some of them are, it forms a pretty ornament enough, when coming from under the corner of the waistcoat, or over the waistband of a pair of Texian trousers. They are generally of the best Sheffield manufacture, where they are now prepared exclusively for the American market, and of late years constitute an extensive and important article of British hardware export."—Vol. i., 213, 214.

The weapons of most tribes, when prompt self-defence, in the absence of the recognition of law for personal security, becomes indispensable, are the same; as the "dirk" of the Highlander, and the *μαχαίρα* of the ancient Greek, which served him alike for slaying his sacrificial victim, stabbing his enemy, and carving his food, amply testify. Such, too, is the commercial intercourse of nations; peace-loving, and slave-hating Britain sending forth from her forges at Sheffield and Birmingham, Bowie-knives and slave fetters for the use of America. Nor is it merely to the States, and for such purposes, that British manufactures are transmitted. Mr. Josiah Gregg, in his "Commerce of the Prairies," after mentioning the "miraculous image of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, so almost universally worshipped in Northern Mexico, and giving a wood-cut of the medal which represents it, says, "As I have been informed, 216,000 were struck at Birmingham in the year 1831, designed for the Mexican market." (Vol. i., p. 249.) The "Bowie-knife," however, is used in scenes, and for purposes that never entered into the contemplation of its savage inventor; for strange to say—

"The habit of carrying these, and such-like weapons, concealed about the person, became so very general, and withal so alarming in its consequence, that the government of Maryland, in 1836, with a view to put some check to so dangerous a practice, caused a prohibitory bill to be introduced into the house of delegates for this purpose; and stranger still, 'the bill was reject-

ed on a division by a majority of fifty-one to seventeen."—*Wyse ut supra*.

It is at Washington the traveller first finds himself among slaves—in a land claiming to be, pre-eminently, the land of the free. Before, however, adverting to this subject, we must notice one peculiarity that arrests every one's surprise—that is, the fondness of the people generally for giving to their newly-planted villages and towns, names borrowed from the scenes of classical antiquity. The original settlers were in the opposite extreme, and gave to their residences names so singularly rude and uncouth, that what a reader of American works of fiction might fancy to be names excogitated by an effort of fancy on the part of the writers, will be found to rank among "American realities:"—

"On looking over," says Mr. Buckingham, "these tracts and appropriations of land advertised for sale (in the district of Columbia,) it was impossible not to be struck with the singularity of them. They were such as 'Hard Struggle'—'Isaac's Blessing'—'Rights of Man'—'Paradise Regained'—'Now or Never'—'Canaan'—'Hornet's Nest'—'Hard Bargain'—'Last Shift'—'Hope'—'Honest Miller'—'What You Please.' When all these tracts become settled and occupied, as in time they are sure to be, their names will mingle oddly with those of Nineveh, Babylon, and Troy; of Memphis and Thebes; of Athens, Corinth, Sparta, and Utica; of Rome and Syracuse; of Jerusalem, Joppa, and Lebanon; with many other classical and scriptural cities, whose names are adopted by humble villages in America."—*Buck. i. 373.*

In sailing up the Hudson from New York to Albany, about five miles beyond Catskill, you come to two towns; the one on the east bank called after the navigator who gave his name to the river, Hudson. Directly opposite, on the western bank, is Athens. It has, Mr. Buckingham says, a curious effect to be called upon by a fellow-traveller to look round and see Athens.

"It is not peculiar," he adds, "to any part of America more than another, thus to appropriate to itself the most renowned names of history for their cities, towns, and villages; everywhere this singularly ill-directed taste is apparent. From New York to Albany, within the compass of a single day's journey, including the valley of the Hudson and its neighbourhood, we have Babylon and Jericho, Salem, Lebanon, Gilboa, Carmel, Goshen, Athens, and Troy, with a railroad to Syracuse, Utica, and Rome, from among the ancient cities and places of celebrity; and Oxford, Canterbury, Salisbury, Windsor, Ham-burgh, Hyde Park, Kingston, Glasgow, Bristol, Durham, Cairo, Bath, Cambridge, and Waterford, from among the modern. The evil of this is increased by the constant repetition of the same practice in different States, so that there

are no less than 14 places bearing the name of Athens, and 9 of Rome, besides a Romeo and a Romulus, 14 Palmyras, 12 Alexandrias, 4 of Damascus, 2 of Joppa, and 3 of Jerusalem.

"In the names of more modern cities, the repetitions are even still greater; but the most multiplied of all are those in which towns are called after distinguished political leaders, of which it may be sufficient to mention, as an example, that there are no less than fifteen Jefferson counties, and forty Jefferson towns; eight Jackson counties, and sixty-six Jacksons, or Jacksonvilles; twenty Washington counties, and eighty Washington towns, in addition to the city of Washington, in the district of Columbia, which is the seat of the general government. The greatest confusion already results from this tautological nomenclature; and the evil will increase with every succeeding year, till it forces some reform. It is the less excusable, also, as the Indian names are sufficiently varied and beautiful to admit of constant adoption."—*Buck. ii., 262-264.*

This confusion—arising, in regard to the classical appellations, from the empty pride of an unfledged literature which curses the younger states, and, in the case of the home nomenclature, from the spirit, not of *party*, but of *personal* partisanship, which more than any other country characterizes the whole of the United States—is not chargeable on the original British settlers in the east, nor on the French in the north. If the Puritan "Pilgrims" designated their towns from those of their nativity or residence in England, their love of country, which was second only to their love of religion, prompted it; and the employment of Scripture names and phrases, as appellatives of their children or their habitations, though now it would be offensive to good taste, and would be styled, and perhaps justly, "cant" and "slang"—was then the prevailing tendency and spirit of the age. The French, on the other hand, often gave names to places from their natural appearances, or from some prevailing feature in their locality or productions; and these names, being corrupted, are now often mistaken for native Indian words. On the other hand, an original Indian word, Frenchified, is often so corrupted and mutilated, as to wear the appearance of an original Indian term. Thus, from the French "*Aux Arcs*," came the apparently Indian territorial designation "*The Ozarkas*;" and the original Indian word "*Whashash*" became, in the delicate mouths of Frenchmen, "*O'Sage*;" then obtained the distinctive epithets "*Grand O'Sages*" and "*Petit O'Sages*," which became first "*Grand Sas*" and "*Petit Sas*;" and this latter, by a still further corruption, "*Pitsaws*," and finally, in its present apparently Indian form "*Teatsaws*." The far-famed "*Oregon*" itself is said to have

got its name from neither of the parties contending for the possession of it, but from the Spaniards, who gave it the name from "Oregana," the Spanish word for "marjoram," a plant abundant in the parts best known to them.

There is no subject connected with the "realities" of America more interesting in itself and its bearings, both upon their own future destinies, and upon their connection with other nations, than slavery. It threatens, at no distant day, to dissolve the Union, whether there shall be war or peace with other nations; and in case of war—with Britain, for instance—there would be endangered, or rather there would be of inevitable occurrence—scenes unparalleled in modern history; unequalled even in Hayti, at its revolution, just because the American slaves are more numerous, better organized, more thoroughly acquainted with their rights, from the echoings, however faint, of the voices of the abolitionists that are wafted to them; and have deeper and more enduring wrongs to be avenged.

There is no subject more simple in the abstract principle, and yet beset with so many practical difficulties, as that of slavery. This holds particularly in regard to America; for the broad assertion on which its constitution is founded, of the absolute equality of all men, seems as if peculiarly intended to make the existence of slavery an impossibility, and yet its extent, and some of its anomalous horrors, are unequalled upon the face of the earth. We refer to slave-breeding, which now competes with slave-importation for the supply of the market—especially in some of the older slave states, where the grounds are exhausted, and so unproductive by slave-labor. In these, regular establishments, systematically conducted, are kept for the purpose; and all possible care and ingenuity employed to suit the taste of the market—by securing a tinge of white, for instance, in the complexion, and such varieties of shade as may suit the fancy of the various purchasers. The agitation in Britain of the subject of slavery, both inside and without the walls of parliament, communicated to many influential American visitants a spirit of such indignant abhorrence of the system, that "Abolition Societies" were formed on their return. The press on both sides of the Atlantic, lent its powerful aid; and the platform and pulpit were not silent. The subject was forced upon the legislature; and the spirit of anti-slavery and pro-slavery has marshalled, not only the North-Eastern States against the Southern and South-Western, but American against American, throughout its wide territorial regions. It was this that created the Texian war with Mexico to secure Texas; and this had well nigh sounded the note of war with

Britain to secure Oregon. The slave states outnumber the others in Congress, and they wish to go on augmenting their influence. And this, ere long, bids fair to form two republics, of the slave-holding and the free, in America. For the lengths in violence that the southerners go to would be incredible, were they not authenticated, as well as their unswerving tenacity in clinging to and supporting the slave system; and the spirit of the abolitionists is indomitable.

We must believe that there are multitudes of slave-owners of slave property—just as there were in our own West India colonies—such men as William Alers Hankey, the London banker, for instance—who inherit it, deplore its existence, do not know what to do with it, and would gladly accede to any just, and wise, and humane, and religious plan for its abolition. Justice, benevolence, and piety prevail in, but are not exclusively confined to the eastern and northern states of America. Firmly believing this, the question, what is to be done with slavery, is of the mightiest moment. And on this subject, of paramount interest not only to Americans, but to all men, we have seen nothing—and we have read much that has been written and spoken regarding all aspects in which the subject can be viewed—at all approximating to the sober, intellectual, dispassionate, and practical views of Dr. Lyell. The reader who feels anxious on the subject will find them *in extenso*, in vol. i. chaps. 8 and 9. We have room only for a very condensed abridgment:—

"I often asked myself," says the Doctor, commencing in the only rational way of considering the question, "when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take, if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought, first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves, but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family, and it would still be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education, as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection, that since the abolition movement, and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write. I must first, therefore, endeavour to persuade my fellow slave-holders to repeal these laws against improving the moral and intellectual condition of the slaves. I remarked, that in order to overcome the apathy and reluctance of the planters, the same kind of agitation, the same "pressure from without" might be indispensable, which had brought about our West Indian emancipation. To this my American friends replied, that the small number of slaves, so insignificant in comparison to their two and a half millions, had

made an indemnity to their owners possible; also that the free negroes, in small islands, could always be held in subjection by the British fleets; and lastly, that England had a right to interfere and legislate for her own colonies, whereas the northern States of the Union, and foreigners, had no constitutional right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of the slave States. Such intervention, by exciting the fears and indignation of the planters, had retarded, and must always be expected to retard, the progress of the cause. They also reminded me how long and obstinate a struggle the West Indian proprietors had made against the emancipationists in the British House of Commons; and they hinted, that if the different islands had been represented in the Lower House, and there had been Dukes of Jamaica, Marquises of Antigua, and Earls of Barbadoes in the Upper House, as the slave States are represented in Congress, the measure would never have been carried till this day."

It is quite obvious, therefore, to every duly and calmly reflective mind, that in order to the abolition of slavery — not by insurrection, slave-rebellion, convulsion, but by reason, law, and religion — you must carry with you a majority of the southerners; and this will never be done by confounding the farm and domestic slavery of Georgia, with the rice and cotton plantation-slavery; and grouping the whole mass of the slave proprietary as fiends incarnate, who riot in oppression, and to whose ears and eyes groans and blood are the loveliest of sights, and the sweetest of sounds.

"The more I reflected," adds Dr. Lyell, "on the condition of the slaves, and endeavoured to think on a practicable plan for hastening the period of their liberation, the more difficult the subject appeared to me, and the more I felt astonished at the confidence displayed by so many anti-slavery speakers and writers on both sides of the Atlantic."

He goes on to show, that up to 1830, many planters regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil; and that many of them openly proclaimed it to be so in the Virginian debates of 1831-2. The emancipation party was gradually gaining ground; and not unreasonable hopes were entertained that the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, would soon fix on some future day for the manumission of their slaves. This step had already been taken in most of the States north of the Potomac; and slavery was steadily retreating southwards. But the abolition agitation commenced; missionaries were sent to the Southern States — suppose that the English Anti-Slavery Society had done so with the West Indies — a reaction took place, the planters became alarmed, laws against slave education were passed, and the condition of the

slave became greatly worse. Your "well meaning persons," says Dr. Lyell, are ever the most mischievous in society. Not a few of the planters, by dint of defending themselves and their institutions, became self-deluded into the belief that slavery was legitimate, wise, and expedient — a positive good in itself; and those who felt and thought otherwise, no longer dared to publish their convictions.

"It is natural," this discriminating writer says, "that those planters who are of benevolent dispositions, and indulgent to their slaves, and who envy the Northern proprietor, who, now that the Indians have passed away, has the good fortune not to share his country with another race, should be greatly irritated when the cruelty of the slaveholders, as a class, is held up to the reprobation of mankind. A deep sense of injustice, and a feeling of indignation, disinclines them to persevere in advocating the cause of emancipation."

He then details their reasonings:—

"Labor," said they, "is as compulsory in Europe as here; but in Europe they who refuse to work have the alternative of corporal punishment; for whether he works or not, he must always be fed and clothed. The free states, they said, always favored the runaway slaves, took their innocence for granted, and the cruelty and harshness of their owners. On the other hand, they assert that the fugitives are such as in Europe would tenant gaols and houses of correction, but whose services their masters are unwilling to lose by imprisonment, while they are compelled to support them; for there is no gaol allowance. "If the same delinquents," say they, "were flying from the constable in a free state, the public would sympathize with the police and the magistrate; and if they bore on their backs the marks of former chastisement in gaol, the general desire to apprehend them would be still the more eager." But, says Dr. Lyell, "these apologies, and their assurance that they found it their interest to treat their slaves kindly, had no effect in inducing me to believe that when such great power is entrusted to the owner, it will not be frequently abused; but it has made me desire to see a fair statement of the comparative statistics of crimes and punishments in slave states and free countries. If we could fairly estimate the misery of all offenders in the prisons, penitentiaries, and penal settlements of some large European province, and then deduct the same from the sufferings of the slaves in a large southern state of the Union, the excess alone ought, in fairness, to be laid to the charge of the slave owners. While pointing out the evil unreservedly, we should do the owner the justice to remember that the system of things which we deprecate, has been inherited by him from his British ancestors, and that it is rarely possible or safe to bring about a great social reform in a few years."

Dr. L. thinks that had immediate emancipa-

tion taken place, as the abolitionists wished, the fate of the negroes might have been as deplorable as that of the aboriginal Indians.

"At present they have a monopoly of the labor-market; the planters being bound to feed and clothe them; and being unable to turn them off and take white laborers in their place. They could not contend against white immigrants; time would be required to prepare them for the competition, and time the abolitionists will not allow. In the West Indies, the climate is so sultry, relaxing, and trying to Europeans, and the whites so few, that the proprietors have no choice. Not so would it be in the South American States. In sixty years, according to Professor Tucker, of Virginia, the population will be fifty persons to a square mile. Long before the productive lands will have been cultivated, and the inferior soils resorted to, the price of labor will fall gradually, as compared to the means of subsistence; and economy will force the liberation of the slaves, and the employment of the more economical and productive labor of freemen. The same causes will then come into operation, which formerly emancipated the vassals of Western Europe; and will one day set free the serfs of Russia. It is to be hoped, however, that the planters will not wait for more than half a century for such an end of the institution of slavery; for the increase of the colored population in sixty years would be a formidable evil, since in this instance they are not, like vassals and serfs, of the same race as their masters. They cannot be fused at once into the general mass, and become amalgamated with the whites; for their color still remains as the badge of their former bondage, so that they continue, after their fetters are removed, to form a separate and inferior caste. How long this state of things would last, must depend on their natural capabilities, moral, intellectual, and physical; but if in these they be equal to the whites, they would eventually become the dominant race, since the climate of the south, more congenial to their constitutions, would give them a decided advantage."

We are irresistibly impelled to give Dr. Lyell's conclusion, it is so just, so rational, so philosopher-like: so totally different from the ranting, nonsensical violence of ignorant, and unreasoning philanthropists:—

"A philanthropist may well be perplexed when he desires to devise some plan of interference which may really promote the true interests of the negro. But the way in which the planters would best consult their own interests, appears to me very clear. They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly overrate, and lose no time in educating the slaves, and encouraging private manumission, to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

Experience has proved, in the northern states, that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the colored population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands, south of the Potomac, will offer a more tempting field for colonization to the swarms of New Englanders who are averse to migrating into slave states. Before this influx of white laborers, the colored race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution.

"If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds, and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it be nevertheless found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The colored people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the meantime be happier than now, and attain to a higher moral rank. They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustice which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south; where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of the negro is shortened by severe toil and suffering.

"Had the white men never interposed to transplant the negro into the New World, the most generous asserters of the liberties of the colored race would have conceded that Africa afforded space enough for its development. Neither in their new country, nor in that of their origin, whether in a condition of slavery or freedom, have they as yet exhibited such superior qualities and virtues as to make us anxious that additional millions of them should multiply in the southern states of the Union; still less that they should overflow into Texas and Oregon."

Oregon reminds us, that we owe a sentence or two to that subject, which recently so deeply engrossed the attention both of Britons and Americans. We have not, indeed, touched upon many topics that enter into American "realities," not from want of inclination, or of materials; for we have not even glanced at Mr. Wyse's views of the mechanical and agricultural pursuits of the people, nor at Dr. Lyell's geological revelations; we have not even entered upon Mr. Fetherstonhaugh's work, giving, as it does, by far the best views of life in the less-visited

parts of the south and west; nor the Mexican and Indian antiquities; nor the state and prospects of American literature. As to Oregon — its geography, natural history, and the claims and rights of the contending parties to the possession of it, we have nothing to add to what our readers may find in our number for March, 1843, vol. xxi.

The whole question of Oregon — once so alarming in its aspects on the peace of the world, is now, we trust, finally and happily settled; and we are of opinion with Mr. Wyse, that had there been war, President Polk would have been as much deceived in his expectations of sympathy from the Canadians, as we are sure, with the deceased Mr. O'Connell, he would have looked in vain for support from Ireland.

Still, however, the restless aspirations of the Transatlantic Republic were, "*Onward.*" We have just seen a book published in America, "*Life in California,*" by an American, and dedicated to a Bostonian, William Sturges, "*One of the Early Adventurers to the Western Coast of America.*" It unfolds, not obscurely, the spirit that delighted to prey on Mexico's weakness, if it dared not encounter Britain's strength: —

"In the many revulsions suffered by Mexico," says this writer, "from political struggles, California has had her share of domestic disturbances, and for years past it has been the scene of numerous conflicts. The natives possess an inveterate dislike towards Mexico, which has given rise to sundry revolutions in their government. The time is not far distant when they will cease from such broils, and either become consolidated into an independent form of government, or be the subjects of some foreign administration. Immigration will aid the former, while the attraction of its magnificent and giant harbor of St. Francisco may in a very few years effect the latter."

Again, after describing the anarchy during the war between America and Mexico, he concludes: —

"Many would have been thankful for the protection either of England or America; and, indeed, a great many desired it, in preference to the detested administration of Mexico. Perhaps there are many who feel now as they did then. And, in this 'Age of annexation,' why not extend 'the area of freedom' by the annexation of California? Why not plant the banner of liberty there, in the fortress at the entrance of the noble, the spacious bay of St. Francisco? It requires not the far-reaching eye of the statesman, nor the wisdom of a contemplative mind, to know what would be the result. Soon its immense sheet of water would become enlivened with thousands of vessels, and steam would ply between towns, that would, as a matter of course, spring up on the shores; while on other locations along the banks of rivers, would be seen manufactories and saw-mills. The whole country

would be changed; and instead of one being deemed wealthy, by being possessed of such immense tracts as are now held by the farming class, he would be rich with one quarter part. Every thing would improve — population would increase, consumption be greater, and industry follow. All this may come to pass; and, indeed, it must come to pass, for the march of emigration is to the West, and nought will arrest its advance but the mighty ocean."

Since, then, much progress has been made for the preparation of the way to realize these expectations, what shall be the effect of the present contest with Mexico, and of the immense accession of territory already gained, or hereafter to be acquired, upon the destinies of that continent, we may not conjecture.

We are not of those who envy the extent of territory possessed by America, nor her rising power, wide-spreading commerce, and rapid progress in literature, science, and the arts. We do not dislike — nay, we rejoice — to see her take her share in all that becomes a mighty people, for the civilization and Christianization of the world; and, even though she has a wilderness on her western frontier, that would afford ample scope for the exploring energies of the whole civilized world, sending forth her ships on voyages of discovery — like Alexander, panting after new worlds, while three fourths of the old were desert and unexplored. It is true, she is not equal to "*The Old Country,*" whose efforts for discovery, and whose colonial possessions, are in an inverse ratio to her own narrow boundaries; yet we read with interest the voyage of her discovery-fleet of five ships, for five years, in five massy volumes — traversing the broad Pacific, avenging the wrongs of their injured and murdered countrymen on lawless Feejee barbarians, and everywhere finding Americans employed in civilizing and Christianizing the islands of the Southern Ocean. But, in a spirit of the purest friendship, we wish her to learn the lesson — as important, as difficult, for individuals and nations — "*to bear good fortune well;*" and when we read what gratifies us of her prowess and prosperity, we feel anxious that the judicious writers of her daily and periodical press — and she has many of them — should assume the office which the poet, with whose sentiment we commenced this article, assigned to his Muse, in reference to his rising friend; the office first of *Congratulator*, and next of *Monitor*: —

. "*Primum gaudere, subinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento;
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.*"
— *Dublin University Magazine.*

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THREE SUMMERS IN TYROL.

Drei Sommer in Tirol. Von LUDWIG STEUB. München.

Three Summers in Tyrol. By LOUIS STEUB. Münich.

A delightful book; its freshness and lively good humor awaken the most agreeable sensations in the reader. A strong and skilful guide, it leads us up on the mountaintops, and down into the valleys, dwells with us among cheerful herdsmen, and rejoices with us in the happy, peaceful life of the unpretending mountaineers. Brief, like the author's title, are also his preface, his journeyings and restings, his opinions and his descriptions. His is a keen and rapid glance, suitable to one who wanders over hill and dale, and giving an air of decision to his statements which we like to meet with in one upon whose judgment we can rely. The book is written in a free, healthful, attractive tone, honest, touching, and simple, like the air that is breathed in the Alpine huts. The author delights to pursue almost untrodden paths, to dive into hidden valleys, to wander over solitary heaths, to search out secret hamlets; he delights to climb the giddy heights, and to follow the foaming river through bush and brake. It seems as if nothing could interfere with his merry good humor; like other travellers he is at times in critical situations, he meets with serious adventures; but he never dwells upon these at great length, and always like one who rejoices in the good fortune of being able to tell of misfortune which has been successfully encountered. Active and bold as a mountain goat, he ventures into the most dangerous passes, and suffers us here and there to catch a glimpse of the danger; but his cheerful temper does not permit him to take pleasure in depicting all the features of the fearful scene. He evidently feels a deep interest in all that he sees and hears, and knows also how to render it interesting to his readers. His descriptions sometimes nearly amount to poetry; but he never writes verses, he only inspires us with that by which he is himself inspired. Sometimes he describes the persons, the manners and habits, the lives and occupations of the inhabitants of a secluded hamlet with almost idyllic minuteness; sometimes he narrates historical events in the serious tone of a deeply-read historian; sometimes he expends delicate criticism upon etymological researches; but he never becomes wearisome through lengthiness, he never fatigues

by an extravagant display of learning; on the other hand, however, there is nothing superficial, nothing stunted or incomplete.

The book before us was designed to form a portion of a much more extensive work, which was projected under the title of "Germany in the nineteenth century." Professor Bauer, the editor, died after the contributors had all been engaged, and the undertaking was subsequently abandoned. The author, to whom Tyrol had been assigned, had in the meanwhile passed his first summer in that country, delighted, as he says, with his task, "for the Tyrolese Alps are the Bavarian's mountains, and their blue battlements awaken, from earliest childhood, his longing fancy." An enterprising publisher offered him new terms; he passed two more summers in Tyrol, and this book is the result. His aim has been to describe more especially the little-frequented valleys, and to keep aloof from the beaten road which leads from Germany to Italy. Nor has he included the Italian side, which in almost every particular differs so essentially from its German sister, that it requires another and a separate work.

In fulfilling our intention of giving a few extracts from this volume we have no difficulty in making a choice, for all is alike interesting, and each chapter is generally complete in itself; it will be more difficult to leave off, and we must therefore confine ourselves within certain limits. We will accompany the author for a short time, joining him just as he is about to enter the forest of Bregenz, which has been so often admired.

"We would advise all pilgrims who wish to see the woods of Bregenz to ascend from the foot of the Lech-valley, and then crossing the Alpine pass of Tannberg, to descend into the forest. The walk across the Tannberg is full of charms, and, — when the narrow path has been gullied by rushing streams, — not unattended by labor, though free from danger. The infant Lech flows down below in the ravine, foams and tosses in its rocky bed, and anon it settles down in a wide chamber, and pursues its quiet course in smooth green circles. On the height the scene is ever varying; at one time we walk over meadows which terminate in a background of abruptly rising hills; then through a thick pine-forest in which huge unshapely masses of rock lie scattered; at another time the path creeps round overhanging walls, from whose sides single pine trees spring out into the

air, like ears of corn which are left for the storm to glean. A waterfall throws itself from a lofty ledge of rock down over the dark-red precipice, scarcely takes time to collect its waters, and hastens onward through the pine-grove to join the Lech. And sometimes the traveller finds himself in an open spot, and he can see far into the mountains whose snowy heads are glittering in the sunshine; peaceful little vales open to his view, each with its own rivulet and its own waterfalls; far up over the ravine there stand a few solitary huts, from which smoke is ascending, and their little casements are glittering in the morning rays. See! the young peasant-girl is sitting at the fire, and blowing it, and singing her native melodies; the smoke is visible, but her voice is lost in the murmur of the rushing waters. Gradually the height is reached, where the pines grow more sparingly, and whence the Taschenberg is seen spreading out his enormous green mantle. Sharp, jagged points spring out of the broad folds and stretch up into the blue sky. All at once a huge black rock projected into the path and seemed to forbid further progress. Two peasant boys were playing before it, and throwing stones down into the hollow. From them I learned that the Alpine village of which I was in search lay close behind the corner, and there after a few steps I found it, the village Lechleiten, nine black, wooden cottages, with shingle roofs loaded with stones.* Here and there on the steep declivity were potatoe patches; for corn it is far too elevated, but the most luxuriant grass grows there; the meadows are covered with flowers, and alpine roses are in full bloom along the street. The tavern is a hut, externally small and black like the rest, but the interior showed a neatly-pannelled and clean apartment; it admonished me that I was about to descend into the cleanly region of the Bodensee. A Swiss peasant from Unterwalden, who had been hired by the inhabitants to prepare their cheese, was here regaling himself; he seemed to be a good honest soul, and to have no harm in him; but others of the young republicans have before now committed sad havoc among the maidens of the Voralberg."

Let us now join our merry wanderer upon another of his excursions, and choose for that purpose the moment of his entering the celebrated valley of Gröden. He arrived with a companion at Pufels, "the first village on this side in which the 'Kauderwälsche' † language is heard,

* It is usual to place large stones upon the shingles, in order that the roof may not be lifted off by the violent gusts of wind, which are of frequent occurrence in the region of the Alps. — ED. DAG.

† This language has such a harsh and unintelligible sound, that 'Kauderwälsch' has in Germany nearly the same meaning as our 'Gibberish.' — ED. DAG.

a language which no one in the wide world speaks, except the three thousand carvers in wood, who inhabit the valley of Gröden. Deep silence reigned throughout the village, and we almost thought that the whole population had emigrated, especially as we found even the door of the tavern locked. Yet we managed to effect an entrance through the barn and to make ourselves heard by the hostess, who was busy in her store room with her provisions. She spoke German as the women of Gröden always speak it, that is with a strong Italian accent and with a great rolling of the r. We revealed to her that we intended to learn Grödnerisch before we went down into the valley; she laughed heartily at this idea, and especially at the hurry with which we proposed to carry it into execution. We persevered nevertheless in our intention, and thought it best first of all to make ourselves acquainted with the contents of her library. * * * * After we had been thus conversing for some time, without obtaining any results particularly valuable to us in our pursuit of knowledge, she suddenly hit upon an idea which very much furthered our undertaking. She ran into a neighbouring house and brought back with her a clever looking boy, called John, whom she introduced, with these words; "he can teach you the language of 'Gardena' better than I can." And in fact the boy was well fitted for the task, since, a native of Pufels, he lived with some relations at Bozen, for the sake of attending the school. John, our teacher, sat down accordingly in a chair, opposite to which we placed half a pint of wine, and at once commenced our investigation into the language of 'Gardena.' Our serious business was carried on very merrily and amidst much laughter. The boy, as well as the hostess, thought at first that the whole thing was only intended as a joke, as they had never yet heard of any rational being who had seriously troubled himself about the Grödner tongue. It happened too sometimes that we began to laugh, just as the boy had left off; for as he only knew German grammatically, and had never examined Grödnerisch in this point of view, the simplest things often puzzled him, and he sometimes translated our sentences quite wrong, so that we were ourselves obliged to correct him, whereat he was much put out. In the meanwhile there arrived assistance for him, and at the same time, as we were on the look-out for the beautiful, a feast for our eyes. When, namely, we had been studying together about a quarter of an hour, the boy's sister entered the room, a girl of about sixteen years of age, with a fine figure, a Roman countenance, and fiery eyes. Her small head was uncovered, and her luxuriant black hair

was, according to the fashion of the country, laid in plaits around her forehead and temples, a graceful coronet around the earnest, lovely face. Her entrance interrupted for a short time our inquiries; but as we perceived that this pause made her blush, we continued our occupation. But a short time had elapsed when she came nearer and placed herself behind her brother's chair, and before long began to join in the conversation. She had been at school in Meran, had there received somewhat of German civilization, and soon showed herself to be quite as good an instructor as her brother. She directed her attention especially to the feminine gender, which the other had altogether neglected; indeed I believe that it was this circumstance which provoked her to make her first essay as a linguist. We had, namely, just asked, 'how do you express, "I have gone"?' to which John had replied, *Je son git*; at this moment she opened her lovely lips, and let us for the first time hear her sweet voice as she timidly added, 'and if it is a woman, she says, *Je son gita*.' After two hours we brought our investigations to a close, as evening was approaching, and we had yet an hour's walk to St. Ulrich, the capital of Gröden, before us. After thanking them all three for the pains they had taken, we hastened down the side of the mountain. We had learned among other things to ask 'how far is it to St. Ulrich?' it is: *Dang longsch ie'l pa da tlo sin a Urtleschei?* Urtischei (Urticetum) is namely the Grödnerisch name for St. Ulrich. We practised this phrase until we could speak it with perfect fluency; we were delighted when we had overcome all its difficulties, and resolved to make use of it on the very first opportunity. Scarcely had we gone a hundred yards from Pufels when we perceived a numerous family at some distance from the road, who were busy with the barley harvest, and we both cried out at the same moment across the stubble: *Dang longsch ie'l pa da tlo sin a Urtleschei?* Scarce had the sonorous words resounded, when father and mother and children and men servants and maid servants hastily stood up and stared at us in silence; we repeated our question, upon which perceiving that we were strangers in the land, they all burst out in a loud laugh, and called out different things to us, of the meaning of which we were profoundly ignorant. We were however so far from being deterred by this little occurrence, that we immediately afterwards made another trial. It happened that we were walking along on a steep bank, when we perceived below us in the barley field a man who was slowly ascending towards us, and carrying a large sheaf on his head, so that he was unable to see us. We therefore called out again:

Dang longsch ie'l pa da tlo sin a Urtleschei? to which he replied in a loud and clear voice: *Mezza ora*. Him then we had taken in, and were thus amply repaid for the trouble which it had cost us to acquire the language of Gröden; nor did we let ourselves be put out of conceit, when the man soon afterwards throwing down his load, cried out after us that 'he knew we were strangers.'"

After this playful introduction the reader is led into the charming valley, into the clean cheerful cottages; and hears about the wood-carving of the interesting people. "Oh!" cries the author, in a moment of extasy, "you dear, little, good-hearted, much-flattered, but uncorrupted valley, how friendly you look in the rays of the evening sun! White little cottages with golden casements, and white large houses with golden windows, were planted so comfortably here and there on the green meadows, and between the meadows, fields of golden corn were ripening; and between meadows and cornfields gushed the brook; and over the brook, over houses and meadows and fields loomed the dark forest; and over the dark forest, over all the cheerful scenery of the valley rose aloft, though now tinged with rosy light, those shadowy ghostlike crags, which are said to have been thrown up long centuries ago, out of the bosom of the earth."

In the year 1844, in wandering through Bozen, Eppan, and Sarntal, the author had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated living Saint, Maria von Mörl. "In Kaltern," he says, "lived Maria von Mörl, the pious sick lady, who in the years 1833 and 1834 was so much the subject of conversation in her own country and far beyond it. She was born in 1812, and from her earliest childhood was subject to severe and frequent illnesses. In her twentieth year commenced those fits which are known under the name of 'tentatio diabolica,' but these ceased in the year 1833, upon the application of ecclesiastical exorcism. In the same year she experienced her first 'extasy,' a state of physical and psychical abstraction from all external influences. She remained six and thirty hours in this trance. The fame of this miraculous event quickly spread abroad, and the number of visitors was enormous. Between the end of July and the fifteenth of September above forty thousand persons are said to have come to the village, and on many days more than three thousand guests passed through the narrow chamber of the invalid; nay whole parishes came in procession headed by their priests, with crucifix and banners.

For some years visitors have no longer been admitted indiscriminately, much to the regret of the villagers. Having obtained a special permission, I presented myself, with a friend from

Bozen and a Franciscan monk, at the wicket of the nunnery in which Maria had taken up her residence. Here we were joined by a travelling Frenchwoman, an elderly lady, who was engaged in a pilgrimage after miracles, and had just arrived from Rome and Loretto. We were standing at the door of a room which was half dark, when Father Capistran, the confessor, beckoned to us to enter; the lady, of course, had the right of precedence, but declined it, as she could not rely upon her nerves. One of us therefore entered, and we found ourselves in a small, plain apartment, into which the light was admitted only through closed Venetian shutters. Simple furniture, a few pictures against the walls; a small altar on the left under the window; opposite to the altar the bed; and on the bed, turned towards the altar, was kneeling the young lady, in a white robe, herself as white as marble, with long black hair falling over her throat, her hands clasped and raised to her chin, her large eyes fixed steadfastly upwards, herself motionless and apparently lifeless. A solemn stillness hung around her maidenly form, and kept us men at a respectful distance, until the pater led us to the couch. After a time he softly called her by name, in order to bring the trance to an end, and immediately she fell backwards, and lay upon the pillow, with a gentle smile and a childlike expression upon her cheerful countenance. We gentlemen, as might be expected from our politeness, kept in the background, and contemplated the suffering maiden with silent sympathy. The lady-pilgrim from France, on the contrary, became very troublesome; now that she had got over her alarm on account of her nerves, she stepped boldly forward, demanded urgently to see the scars of the wounds, and tried to force the patient's hands asunder, because they are said to be more plainly visible in the inside than on the outside. At last with two fingers of her right hand she made towards the monks, who did not understand French, the motion of a pair of scissors, in order to indicate that she wished to cut off a lock of the lady's beautiful hair. Good God, replied Father Capistran, if we permitted that, she would long ago not have had a single hair upon her head. While we were all standing at the bedside, somewhat annoyed at this occurrence, the young lady had again fallen into an ecstasy, and was lying there with fixed eyes, and without taking any notice of what was passing. When the Frenchwoman perceived this, she begged to be allowed to kiss her, and when she had obtained permission she impressed several hearty smacks upon her pallid lips, and it was only by forcible dragging away that she could be made to desist from continuing this pious exercise."

We trust that these extracts will justify the favorable opinion which we have expressed, and induce many of our readers to peruse the entire work. — *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*.



"THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

Be still, be still, for all around,
On either hand, is "holy ground!"
The Lord of hosts, himself, to-day,
Is present, while his people pray;
Bow down you hearts, and kneel in fear,
In this his temple — God is here.

Bring no vain words, no wishes wild,
That best might suit an earth-born child,
Bid each unholy thought depart,
To heaven lift up a contrite heart,
Forget the world, in faith draw near,
And humbly worship — God is here.

Thou, toss'd upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with dire despair,
Gazing around with eager eye,
And yet no hope of remedy;
Ask thou relief with heart sincere,
And he will list — for God is here.

Thou who hast laid in early grave
One, whom thou hadst not power to save,
And who art vainly yearning now,
For that soft smile and placid brow;
Perchance that much-loved form is near,
For angels WAIT when God is here.

Thou, who hast long a wanderer been,
Roaming through many a distant scene,
Far from thy home, thy household hearth,
From all kind looks, all social mirth;
Offer thy thanks with heart sincere,
Sing grateful praises — God is here.

Thou who hast dear ones far away,
On swelling seas, 'mid blinding spray,
Or in some distant lands alone,
Exposed to ills, are journeying on;
Pray for their welfare, dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
Seeking for higher joys than those
The wretched worldling only knows;
The God of *peace* is ever near
The contrite spirit bending here.

Be still, be still, for all around,
On either hand, is "holy ground;"
Here, in his house, the Lord to-day,
Will listen while his people pray.
Bow down your hearts, and kneel in fear,
In this his temple — God is here.

The Churchman.

HOFFMAN AND FANTASTIC LITERATURE.

Hoffman and Fantastic Literature, [Contes Nocturnes de Hoffman — La Vie de E. T. A. Hoffman, par Prof. Christian.] Paris, Lavigne; London, Dulau.

Hoffman's popularity, long on the wane in Germany, has recently received an extraordinary increase in France, partly from the new edition of his "Fantastic Tales," profusely and cleverly illustrated by Gavarni, but chiefly from "The Tales of Night," collected and translated by Prof. Christian, — many of which have been hitherto unedited even in Germany. For his threefold labors as translator, editor, and biographer, Prof. Christian has the rare qualification of a sympathy almost amounting to mental identity with his author and hero. In a brief sketch of his own life as a student at Strasburg, he recounts the ardor with which he devoted himself to the forgotten speculations of the Alchemists and Rosicrucians, — the mystic reveries which he combined with his chemical studies, — and the metaphysical inductions which he derived from the most rigid experiments in practical philosophy. Like Hoffman, he loved to indulge in illimitable ideality. Facts he valued only as starting-points for the erratic wanderings of imagination; and he viewed realities but as materials from which fancy, by an exhaustive process, might derive a series of the most unsubstantial abstractions. In some recent publications Prof. Christian has adopted a different course: — like Jouffroy, he has endeavoured to subject waking dreams to the test of logical analysis, and to discover in their visionary forms the physical fact which gave the first impulse to their creation. His edition of "The Tales of Night" and his "Life of Hoffman" bring before us a literature and a philosophy which, though not wholly new, have hitherto made little progress out of Germany, — and in Germany itself have never been so fully developed as by Hoffman and his translator.

A modern critic asserts that "Fantastic Tales" should be called the "Literature of Visions or Dreams." But a dreamer and a visionary are very different characters. The former makes impossible combinations of possible facts; the latter abandons facts altogether, and takes no heed of realities either in the elements or the combinations of his fantasies. Dryden gives an admirable description of the stuff which dreams are made of: —

Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward to the brain and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truth received,

And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

But the essence of a vision as distinguished from a dream is indistinctness such as that of which we have an unrivalled description in the book of Job: — "A spirit stood before mine eyes, but I could not discern the form thereof." It is true —

That many monstrous forms in dreams we see
Which neither were nor are nor e'er can be;

but these monstrosities partake of the nature of rude guesses: — a fact to which Dugald Stewart was the first to direct attention.

Hoffman's fantasies have been judged unfairly when they were regarded as dreams. They belong to a state of mind experienced at some time or other by most people — we mean *reverie*; which Locke defines to be that mental condition "when ideas float in our mind without any reflection or regard of the understanding." This state is commonly and properly described as "between sleeping and waking;" but it is not properly called "dreamy," — for in dreams the ideas do not float, but generally have a marked fixity. The physical constitution predisposes many to reverie: — persons in whom the nervous temperament predominates are generally inclined to indulge in it; and when once the habit is formed it is very difficult to be eradicated. These preliminary observations will serve to illustrate our view of Hoffman and his works. We shall proceed to relate some of those circumstances of his life which had the greatest influence in the formation of his character.

Hoffman was born on a stormy night during the winter of 1776, at Königsberg in Prussia. He was a frail, feeble infant; and his limbs were so attenuated that it was not deemed possible he could live. His mother was one of those invalids on whose countenance protracted suffering leaves the impress of profound melancholy, without destroying beauty of feature or delicacy of expression. She bestowed unusual care on a child who seemed to have received from her a heritage of woe; and as he grew up he repaid her care with a devotion that bordered on idolatry. Those who knew him in the days of his boyhood declare that he used to sit for hours looking at the attenuated figure, pale features, and sorrowful expression of his suffering mother with a melancholy fondness, which it was exquisitely painful to witness. When he had attained the age of twenty, he went one morning

into her chamber to kiss her hand; but found her lying dead in the midst of the room. In the act of undressing she had been struck by apoplexy.

A younger sister of his mother had aided her in the education of the child. She had a sweet voice and played charmingly on the lute. Hoffman always attributed his passion for music to the influence of "Aunt Sophia." She too died:—but he declared that the images of his aunt and mother were ever present to his mind, the moment he touched a pen. His aunt, he declared, had returned to life; for he had seen her in a convent of nuns, through the curtain of the choir, singing hymns, and accompanying herself on a viol, in exactly the same posture as the St. Cecilia of Raphael.

At the age of thirteen, Hoffman was put under the care of his great-uncle;—the most prosaic lover of order that ever held the office of counsellor of justice. A youthful visionary and an aged methodical lawyer did not agree very well together; but the youth nurtured his dissatisfaction in silence, or only vented it in grotesque caricatures. The various members of the family, typified as demons and other diabolical beings, were sketched on the leaves of the family Bible: and many of these groups are said to contain the germs of his wildest fictions. It is recorded that at this period he exhibited symptoms of a cruel and malignant disposition;—taking delight in wantonly torturing animals, tyrannizing over boys weaker than himself, and exerting the most perverse ingenuity to devise means for frightening children. This misanthropy continued until he became an author. From the time when he commenced his first romance, he went into the opposite extreme; making himself a perfect slave to his friends and acquaintance,—while his attachment to his cat amounted to a passion.

At college Hoffman devoted himself eagerly to legal studies;—not from any love of the law, but from a desire to secure an early independence in order that he might pursue without risk his favorite studies—painting and music. In 1795 he passed his first examination; and was appointed to a subordinate office under one of his uncles at Glogau. While residing there, he was induced by a friend to make a tour through the mountain districts of Upper Silesia and Saxony. In the course of their journey they stopped at a fashionable watering-place; and Hoffman's friend dragged him to the gaming table. The friend lost:—but he induced Hoffman to take his place; who though utterly inexperienced, won a considerable sum. This induced him to tempt fortune on his own account the following night. His run of luck was unprecedented; and when

the party broke up he found himself in possession of a fortune. As he went down the stairs, an old officer said to him, "Young man, if you had known how to play you would have broken the bank;—go on; and as soon as you know your business well the devil will fly away with you, as he has with others." This produced such an effect on Hoffman, that when he returned to his lodgings he made a solemn vow never again to touch a card;—and he religiously kept his word.

From Glogau, Hoffman removed to Berlin; and after a short time was nominated assessor to the Regency of Posen. But Poland was distasteful to his genius. He caricatured his colleagues, the magnates of the city, and nearly every person of note in the neighbourhood. These caricatures got abroad; and raised him so many enemies that he was removed to Plozk,—and afterwards to Warsaw.

At Warsaw he devoted all his leisure to painting and music. His taste in the former was as grotesque as in the latter it was pure. He covered the walls of his saloon with portraits of his friends added to the bodies of dragons, serpents, or the fantastic animals of heraldry; while he drilled an orchestra of amateurs to perform with the most rigid precision the finest pieces of Mozart. Thus occupied, he had no leisure to attend to such trifles as the battle of Jena, the overthrow of Prussian power, the dissolution of the Regency of Warsaw,—and the consequent loss of his place and pension. At length, his funds were exhausted;—and he returned penniless to Berlin. Many were the abortive efforts which he made to gain a livelihood. He painted pictures and composed operas;—but nobody would purchase either. He offered to try his hand at portraits;—but could not obtain a single commission. In 1808, he was appointed director of the Opera at Bamberg; where he made the acquaintance of Carl Maria von Weber,—to whom he communicated the wild legend on which *Der Freischütz* was ultimately founded. His emoluments at Bamberg scarcely sufficed for his support: but in the spring of 1812 he received an advantageous offer from Dresden,—and removed thither with his family. Before we follow him to Dresden, we must give some extracts from the whimsical journal which he kept at Bamberg.

I cannot help laughing at myself, just as in Shakespeare, men dance and jest round their open tombs. On the eleventh of March, at half-past eight precisely, I was a jackass; to-day I was vexed because I discovered that on the 26th, 28th, and 30th I had been a huge baboon. Divine irony, excellent means to hide or cure folly, come to my aid; it is actually time to labor in literature!

Hoffman resided at Dresden during 1813, "the year of liberation;" but he viewed the struggle between the French and Russians with the apathy of an indifferent spectator. He kept a journal of the events during the siege of Dresden: and he thus records his conduct and feelings on the 26th of August.

Between four and five o'clock the cannonade became sharper, and we heard the whistling of bullets mingled with the roar of the guns. We went down, for we ran great risks where we were. At the moment I entered my house a shell passed over my head with a horrible rustling sound; it fell at the distance of about fifteen paces, just in front of the residence of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, in the midst of four barrels of powder. There were more than thirty persons in the street at the time of the explosion, but no one was hurt. Some minutes after, a second and a third shell came; it was clear that an enemy's battery commanded the quarter where we dwelt. All the inhabitants assembled on the lower flight of the stone stair-case, which was out of the direction of the windows. At every explosion there were cries, tears, and lamentations, — and not a glass of wine or rum to fortify the heart! What an accursed position! I stole quietly out of the back door, and ran to the house of my friend Keller the actor. We were sitting, glass in hand, at the window which overlooks the New Market, when a shell fell into the middle of the square. A Westphalian soldier, who was pumping water, had his head shattered. At some distance a respectably dressed burgher fell; he made some efforts to rise, but his body was torn open, and his intestines protruded from the wound: — he fell back quite dead. Keller let his glass fall in terror; I calmly emptied mine and said "How poor a thing is life! how feeble is the nature of man which cannot resist the force of a little fragment of iron!"

A few days after, Hoffman visited one of the scenes of contest; which he thus describes: —

To-day, for the first time in my life, I saw a field of battle. They were preparing to clear it; they were stripping the dead, and laying them in pits by twenties and thirties. At the spot where I was, the Russian chasseurs had charged the French under a heavy fire of grape shot. Thus the ground was covered with bodies of Russians, many of them mutilated and shattered in the most frightful manner. I saw one soldier who had half of his head carried away, — a frightful spectacle! horses, men, muskets, swords and schakos were piled and jumbled together. On more than one visage I could still trace the menace and fury of the combat. One Russian officer, a handsome young man of twenty-eight at the most, held his sabre above his head in his right hand; in this position he had been struck by death. A ball had torn away his left arm and shattered his side. Not far from him, I heard something moving in the grass; advancing I saw a Russian soldier with both of his legs broken by a cannon ball; his

legs were glued together with clotted gore. Nevertheless, he was sitting up and eating very tranquilly a piece of ammunition bread. The poor devil had been three days in this condition.

It was during this terrific contest that Hoffman wrote his "Dialogue between a Poet and a Composer," and his "Golden Pot;" — both of which appeared at Leipsic towards the close of the year. His tales, his musical compositions, and his caricatures raised him to sudden celebrity, just when tranquillity had been restored to Europe by the treaty of Vienna. He was invited to Berlin, raised to high office in the judicial department of the State, and received at the houses of the principal nobility. His admirers expected that he would repay their kindness, — or rather their ostentatious patronage, — by reading some portion of an unpublished work, accompanying their daughters on the piano, or paying some elegant compliment to his hosts. But in general they only obtained grimaces: for Hoffman was impatient of *ennui* — and his deformed features under its influence were contracted into the most frightful grin. He was soon dropped by the Prussian nobles; — and not received by the old friends whom he had deserted for titled acquaintances. Thenceforth, his evenings and nights were spent in the tavern. As he only drank the most costly wines, his prolific pen was severely taxed to support such expense; and he became dependent on some speculative publishers, who made him advances on the credit of projected works. Such a life could not last long. Early in 1822 it became evident that his health was fast declining. It was at first supposed that his extravagant grief for the death of his cat, *Murr*, had injured his constitution; — but it soon appeared that his disease was more deeply seated. After several weeks of intense agony, he died, on the 25th of June, 1822. A simple but elegant monument was erected to his memory, by subscription.

Professor Christian has justly remarked that most, if not all, of the wild fantasies in Hoffman's works were real incidents viewed through the medium of visionary reverie. Let us take the opening scene of "The Golden Pot" as an example. —

On Ascension-day, about three hours after noon, a young man running under the arch of the black gate at Dresden, stumbled over a stall of apples and cakes kept by an ugly old woman. Her wares were scattered about the street, and the young rogues of the neighbourhood seized them as lawful plunder. At the cries of the old woman, all the other women who kept stalls in the open air ran after the young man with furious shouts, seized him, and seemed ready to tear him to pieces. He could only escape by giving

them his purse, which was tolerably well stocked; but in spite of this compensation, which so amply repaid the damage he had done, the old woman cried to him with a sneer, "Run, run, my fine fellow; you will soon fall into the crystal." At these words, which reached his ear from a distance, the student Anselmus was seized with involuntary terror, and ran still faster. On reaching the end of the avenue which leads to the baths of Lipk, he felt himself out of breath; and slackened his pace, meditating on the strange menace of the old apple-woman. A crowd of holiday folks was assembled at the entrance of the baths of Lipk. Joyous strains of music were heard from the interior. Poor Anselmus was very sorrowful. Ascension-day had been his annual holiday; on every return of this anniversary he had not failed to regale himself with beer or coffee, without forgetting a small dose of good old rum:—but unfortunately his fall over the apples and cakes of a cursed sorceress had exhausted the moderate hoard which was designed to purchase his pleasures. Adieu beer, adieu rum, adieu the merry glances of lively girls, adieu to all the sweet illusions of a holiday! Anselmus, with his head down, passed the baths of Lipk, and went to walk off his sorrow on the banks of the Elbe. He threw himself on a mossy mound at the foot of a willow-tree, filled his pipe with k'naster, a medicated tobacco invented by his friend, Dr. Paulman, and began to smoke.

If such an accident had occurred to Hoffman himself, or if he had witnessed it, the character of the reveries in which the smoker may be supposed to indulge might be predicted. It was one of his most common sayings, that "the devil will put his foot into every thing, however good at the outset:"—and as an example of his unhappy propensity thus to expect the worst, his friendly biographer records that when he once charitably gave a child a present of fruit, he became tortured with the idea that he might have become the involuntary cause of the child's death,—as the fruit might produce a surfeit, or some other fatal disease; and all the remonstrances of his friends failed to dispel this gloomy anticipation. Once, then, that the idea of the apple-woman being a sorceress had seized upon his mind, a whole phantasmagoria of horrors was sure to present itself to his morbid imagination. After a long and rather whimsical description of Anselmus's sad meditations, Hoffman thus pursues the story:—

As Anselmus exhaled the last whiff of his tobacco, he was diverted from his sombre meditations by a sort of murmuring noise in the grass near him. The indistinct sound ascended into the branches of the willow which formed a shade above his head. It was at first like the whisper of a light breeze in the foliage, then it might be deemed the rush of the wings of little birds, and finally it might have been supposed that the

branches of the willow rattled against each other like silver bells. Anselmus listened—by degrees the indistinct sounds formed themselves into words as of a plaintive melody borne by the wind. "Glide we," said this marvellous voice, "glide we, my sister, across the green leaves, and through the flowers on the bank; let us dance in this balmy air by the dreamy light of the sun, which soon must disappear." "Is it the evening breeze that has taken a human voice?" thought the student. Suddenly the voice ceased, and the harmonious vibration of three strokes on a crystal timbrel made him raise his head. He perceived three little serpents of green and gold suspended by the tail from the flexible branches of the willow, and raising their beautiful heads towards the sky. Then the same voice repeated the same words, and the little serpents sported with admirable agility under the dome of foliage, glittering like streams of emerald on the brown bark of the willow. The crystalline vibrations were renewed, and Anselmus saw the head of one of the three serpents incline towards him, and regard him with glittering golden eyes, the fascination of which was such that the young man panted with inquietude and with a pleasure with which a strange sorrow was largely blended.

"The airy tongues that syllable men's names" are a common phenomenon of reverie: indeed, it is scarcely possible, in some moods of the mind, when taking a solitary walk, to avoid this personification of sound. There is, as most have experienced, something more than metaphor in such expressions as the *babbling* brook, the *whispering* breeze, the *murmuring* tide, and the *moaning* waves heralding a storm. Hoffman, when this tale was written, was at the very height of his passion for his fair pupil Cecilia; and it is not wonderful that he imagined that the willow, the wind, and the setting sun spoke to him of the charms of secret love.

It seemed to the student that Nature had become more joyous around him, and that everything was animated by unknown poetry. Odorous scents rose from the earth and descended from the heaven; a vague song, which had in it nothing earthly, lost itself in distant strains like echoes of Paradise; and when the last ray of the setting sun sank in the horizon behind the mountains of Bohemia, Anselmus heard a grave and distinct voice articulate these sounds, "Who will rekindle the rays extinguished in the shroud of twilight? Every thing passeth away, every thing dies, disappears, and is lost. Who shall give back life to the hearts that are dead?" The voice was hushed like the last growl of thunder, the crystal bells were broken with a dissonant clash; the three green and gold serpents glided into the waving grass, and by a thousand sinuous turns gained the waters of the Elbe. A trembling tongue of flame hovered for some time over the surface of the water, and night then spread her veil over the horizon.

Now, this picture is nothing more than a personification of the thoughts of Beattie's 'Hermit.' The voice within but echoes suggestions from without when it mournfully asks, —

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

Sir Walter Scott rather unfairly assailed "The Sand-man," — one of Hoffman's wildest exaggerations, and which Mrs. Shelley unconsciously imitated (so far as the first and primary idea is concerned) in her "Frankenstein." Hoffman seriously believed that he had been pursued by some malignant influence from childhood, which he identified with "the Sand-man;" a mysterious being, who unites in his single person the attributes of the Billy Winkie and the Old Bogie of our English nurseries, — he being invoked to throw sand in the eyes of the naughty children who refuse to go to bed at a proper hour. Miss Edgeworth, in her clever tale of 'Harrington,' has shown the dangerous consequences which such modes of terrifying children produce in after-life. The lawyer Copelius in the German story holds the same position as Old Simon in the English tale; but while the wild genius of Hoffman heaps horror upon horror, Miss Edgeworth (from first to last) shows that the terrors of Harrington were groundless and unreal.

But the most terrific and grotesque of Hoffman's tales is "The Affianced Spectre," — now for the first time restored to its proper place in his works, and carefully edited by Professor Christian. It was from this tale that "Der Freischütz" was derived. The early part of the legend is sufficiently like the drama not to require repetition; but the close is one of the strangest combinations of the grotesque and the terrible ever produced by a fantastic imagination. Wilhelm, the hero, who is induced to cast the magic balls in the infernal glen on the day of trial, shoots his mistress instead of the game at which he aimed; while the mocking fiend by whom he had been misled stands by his side and triumphs in his misery. Weber stopped at this *dénouement*, — which he altered and softened. But Hoffman pursues the horrible into further scenes. Wilhelm, forgetful of his plighted love to Catherine, and of the oath which he had sworn at her grave to live single for her sake, marries another wife before the close of the year, — and immediately becomes a prey to the most bitter remorse. To dispel his gloom, he resolves to make a solitary excursion into the forest. As he rides along, he hears the approach of the Wild Huntsman and his infernal pack.

The barking of the hellish hounds, the neighing of the horses, the cries of the huntsmen, and the howls of the wolves they chased, echoed

through the forest. Wilhelm shuddered in the midst of his solitary course, and driving the spurs into the flanks of his horse, urged him forward with headlong speed. The scenery disappeared with supernatural fleetness from the eyes of Wilhelm, which were glazed with terror. Marshes, forests, lakes, rivers, were hurried past him; whilst the Wild Huntsman and his terrific train, menacing but invisible, were still at his side. He heard the panting of the weary dogs and the yells of the chased wolves everywhere and always in the tangled wood.

Suddenly a tempest arises — he is thrown from his horse by a thunderbolt — night has fallen when he recovers his senses. A mysterious voice commands him to follow; and at the same time a glimmering taper, held by invisible hands, appears to guide him on his way. It leads him to the entrance of a cavern, — and then down the slippery steps of a stone staircase deep into the bowels of the earth; — and then it pauses before the lofty portals of a hall, through the chinks of which a glimmering light appears. Wilhelm pushed upon the door and entered.

It was an immense hall, and in it were assembled all the dead whom Wilhelm had ever known. Their huge skeletons were seated in chairs of black oak. They discussed together the matters which occurred on earth. Some laughed with a hoarse and convulsive laugh, which made their teeth chatter like castanets; others wept, others cried, danced, or howled with demoniac joy. These columns of bones knocked against each other with terrific grimaces. In the midst of the hall was the beautiful skeleton of a young girl, pointing with her fleshless hands to the bouquet of an affianced bride which she wore in her bosom. On her white skull the tresses of flaxen hair, soft as silk, were artistically plaited; and she wore a crown of white roses, white as her own blanched bones. As Wilhelm passed the threshold, she turned towards him in silence. Then there rose a demoniac shout of laughter. There were shouts of applause, creaking of bones, mountebank dances; and a large sulphureous flame was seen through windows which opened on the forest, appearing like a mimicry of dawn. The skeleton of the young girl came up in front of Wilhelm, and her eyeless sockets turned a gloomy expression on the visage of the poor huntsman. He recognized Catherine, his old affianced bride. He wished to fly, but the skeleton hung lovingly on his neck; her bones arranged themselves to the motion of the waltz, and Wilhelm driven mad by terror felt himself raised from the earth and dragged into a waltz, at first slow and measured, but by degrees gradually accelerated into steps more violent, more rapid, and more infernal. The other skeletons made room for the dancers, and were loud in their applause. When they reached the end of the saloon, the dancers were not stopped by the wall, through which they passed as if it had been made of the thinnest wax. The open parts of the for-

est were crowded by the dead who joined in the dance. The waltz was sustained without rest or cessation. Wilhelm and Catherine whirled round each other in space, without ever touching the earth; and both oscillated like bodies suspended on a gibbet, when the breeze of evening rattles the bones in the chains. The waltzers whirled round each other until cock-crow. On the following morning the woodmen on going to their work found the huntsman dead at the foot of a tree. Leaves of white roses covered the soil around him. At the distance of a few steps lay the body of his horse, gnawed to the bone by the wolves.

Professor Christian justly remarks, that in discussing Hoffman's works, two distinct questions are mixed together: — the suitableness of *reverie* for imaginative fiction, and the limits within which grotesque and terrible invention ought to be restrained. If *reverie* be allowed a literary place, it must fairly claim adjudication on its own special laws, — or, at least, the laws of general imaginative fiction must be modified to meet the peculiar exigencies of its nature. Now, Hoffman has been usually estimated by weights and measures belonging to forms of literature with which

he had nothing in common. His countrymen complained that he developed no psychological phenomenon such as they imagine that they perceive in Undine or Peter Schlemihl. Sober, practical England — where visionaries have no chance of toleration, save when they exaggerate a popular prejudice — regarded him as an author who heaped extravagance upon extravagance, without a thought of aim or purport: while until recently France had no community with a genius which prided itself in isolation, and sought no sympathy — and consequently no applause. But Prof. Christian has set forth Hoffman in the true phase of judgment — as one who opened a new field of literature, deriving its strength from, and running its course in, the spectral limits of that doubtful region where rationality and insanity come in contact; for one form of insanity at least is simply continuity of reverie. Hoffman's life was such as to predispose him to visionary existence: and this tendency was carried to an excess which, as there are few who can by possibility feel it, there will always be only a limited number to appreciate.—*Athenæum*.

A LONG NIGHT AND A LONG STORY.

The Keeping-Room of an Inn; or, a Long Night and a Long Story. By the Author of "Sam Slick the Clock-maker."

Soon after the conclusion of the last story of "Seeing the Devil," with which Miss Lucy expressed herself so much dissatisfied, the company separated for the night. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and the prospect of its continuance for another day quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Richardson. He stretched out both his legs and his arms, and expanded his jaws to their fullest extent, and proclaimed the day to have been the most tiresome he ever spent in his life.

"I never saw one that was too long to home," he said, "for I can always find enough to do. Fine days, rainy days, and stormy days, are all alike to me. Out-doors or in-doors, a body needn't be idle; but, away from home, with your head like horned cattle, fastened in the stanchels, a-chewing of the cud, or sitting before the fire, a-working as hard as you can turning one thumb over the other, is dull music. It makes a slow day of it, and this has been about the longest I ever passed; though, after all, it ain't to be named with an endless night I once spent. It

was longer than you, Broadcloth, who are only five feet nothin,' and something beyond me, who am six feet and a considerable piece to spare; and, before we part, I will tell you how and when it was.

"In the fall of 1820, I think it was, when I lived to the head of Bear River, I took a notion into my head one day to go out a moose-calling; so I strapped on my powder-horn and shot-bag, and put some balls into my pocket, and took a trifle to eat with me, and sot off alone into the woods. Well, first I visited one moose ground, and then another, and I never see them so scarce in all my life; and, at last, by the end of the third day, I got off ever so far from home away to the southward, and my provisions got out, and I couldn't see bird nor beast, nor any thing to feed on, and I was almost starved, that's a fact. Says I to myself, says I, 'Shall I go back while I'm able, or shall I hold on and trust luck?' and, seein' that I never failed yet, I thought I wouldn't give in, but persevere; so I drew my belt tighter round my stomach, which was pretty empty, I do assure you, and pushed on to a place where I thought I couldn't fail to find moose; and all I had to feed upon after the second morning was the inside bark and juice and scrapings of wild poplars. In the spring, a

body might live on it for a week, I do suppose; but in the fall, it's kind of dry and stringy, and hard fare, you may depend. At last night came, and I began to call the moose again.

"This is the way, stranger," he said, addressing me: "you fold up a piece of birch-bark like a short speaking-trumpet, as I fold this paper, and then go like the voice of the cow-moose — this fashion:" and he uttered some extraordinary lowings, which Miss Lucy pronounced very horrid and disagreeable, but which Barclay and others eulogized as capital imitations; "and t'ien," he said, "if there is a herd in the neighbourhood, one or more of the leaders are sure to answer it, and come to the spot where the sound rises. Well, I had been at this sport so long, and been out of food such a length of time, I was quite weak and hardly able to call: but, howsomever, call I did; and, bymeby, I heard a great whapping fellor come thrashing and crashing, and rearing and tearing, along through the trees, as easy as if he was moving through tall grass, and I was getting ready to have a shot at him, as soon as he stood still to blow, and snort, and listen again, or as he past on, when the first thing I knew was he went right slap over me, and trod me under foot, knocking the wind out of me, and nearly breaking every rib in my body. Thinks I to myself, what under the sun shall I do now? I am e'en amost starved to death: every created thing seems to keep out of my way except one, and that one wants to teach me to keep out of his; and if I ain't starved, I ain't quite sure I ain't bruised to death. Just then I heard an owl hoot, and although they ain't very good to eat at no time, they are better than nothin' to a starving man. So I lay down on my back, and began to inveigle him; for I have been so much in the woods, I can imitate every sound that's in them, — when, looking up, what should I see but a pair of bright eyes in the tree above me, and I let slip, and down came a porcupine. What a godsend that was! didn't he get out of his jacket and trousers in double quick time! There never was a gentleman got a good warm fire made up for himself at such short notice, I know; and didn't raw fat meat taste, for the first time, better than that that's well done! Arter that, I lay down and took a nap, and gin up the moose hunt, and mended next day to start for a cross road that I expected to reach by night, where I knew a settler, one Increase Card, lived, and where I could put up and refresh a bit. Well, when morning came, I sot off, and, as is always the case in this world, when you don't care a morsel about things, you can have lots of them; and, when you do, you can't get them for love or money. So, the next day, I shot partridges for

my breakfast, and partridges for my dinner, and let other fellows run, as sodger officers do deserters, without looking arter them; and, when I least expected it, came all of a sudden on a moose, and shot him just as I reached the road.

"About seven o'clock, not very long after sundown, I came to the house of Increase Card, leg-weary, foot-sore, and near about beat out.

"'Crease,' said I, 'my boy, how are you? I never was so glad to see any one afore in all my life, for I'm all but used up. Have you got a drop of rum in the house?'

"'Yes,' sais he, 'I have;' and pulling out a large stone bottle from his closet, —

"'Here's a little,' said he; 'wait till I get you some water.'

"'I guess I won't spoil two good things,' said I, and I poured out half a tumbler of the naked truth, and drank it off like wink. 'Now,' says I, 'one good turn deserves another. I'll take a glass of water, if you choose, for I always like to see the quality go first.' Well, we sot by the fire and talked over farming and crops, and politics and old times, and what not, and cooked some moose steaks, and eat and cooked, and cooked and eat, as fast as contract-work, and then went to bed. But afore I left the room, Increase said, — 'Steve,' sais he, 'Miss Card, my wife, and the little ones, are gone to Caper-sues to see her father, old Captain Salmon. I am going after them afore day to-morrow, to fetch them back in the waggon. Do you just help yourself in the morning to whatever you want, and rake up the fire carefully, and put the house-key under the step of the door.'

"'Why, Crease,' said I, 'was your wife a Salmon? I never knowed that afore.'

"'Yes,' sais he, 'one of the Salmons of Tusket, old Captain Noah's daughter.'

"'You showed your sense,' sais I; 'they are the best fish going; and I see you know how to manage her, too. You have given her the line, let her run off the whole length of it, and now are a-reeling of her up, and a-going to slip a landing-net under her, bag her, and fetch her home. It's the only way with women and fish. If you snub em too short, they spring and flounce like the devil — tangle the line, or break it, and race right off. You warn't born yesterday, I see. How many young salmon-trout have you?'

"'Two,' sais he.

"'Ah!' said I, 'your name is capital bait to a coasting-hook.'

"'How?' said he.

"'Why, Increase,' sais I; 'it's a grand name that.'

"'What a droll fellow you be!' said he, laughing; 'you ain't a bit altered, for you always was

a funny man ever since I knowed you ;' and then, taking up a quart-bottle with a candle stuck in it, —

" 'Follow me,' he said, 'and I'll show you where to sleep.'

" 'Stop,' sais I, 'Crease, don't be in such a pucker of a hurry ; just have out that stone jug again, that's a good fellow, will you ? that I may drink Miss Kitty, your wife's health, afore I go.'

" 'Sartainly,' said he, 'and I axe your pardon for not offering it again to you ; but, the fact is, I raily forgot ; for, to tell you the truth, I never take any myself.'

" 'Neither do I,' sais I, 'in a general way, when I am to home, for it's a bad habit and a bad example to the boys, unless I am shocking dry, as I am just now ; but, somehow or another, I consait my wife uses too much salt both in curing her hams and corning her beef ; and I often tell her so, though she wont hear to it, for I am always awful dry after dinner. Well, I poured out a rail good nip, and then, holding it up, 'Crease Card,' says I, 'here's Miss Kitty, your wife's health, and the same to you, and wishing you may have a strong hand of cards, all trumps and all honors. Now, make haste, and I'll follow in your trail : for I feel as strong as a bull-moose a'most.' Well, he took me into a room that had a carpenter's work-bench in it, and tools, and shavings, and boards, and what not ; and then passed into a place that had been a porch, and then into a nice, snug, tidy bedroom ; and putting down his ready-made candlestick on a table, he bid me good night, and then went off to his own roost. Well, I takes two chairs and puts them to the bottom of the stretcher, and hauls out the bed two foot or more — for no bedstead in a general way is long enough for me, and it ain't pleasant to have your legs a-dangling out of bed — and then I turned in, took a good stretch out, and was asleep in no time. Well, being in no hurry, and not intending to get up early, I took a good long sleep ; and when I woke up, I shoved out, first, one leg, and then the other, to prove all was right in those distant parts ; and then I drew a long breath to try if the ribs was in the right place to home, after the tramplng and kicking of that are confounded moose ; and then I rubbed my eyes, and found it was still dark, so I turned round again, and took another famous nap. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'it's time to be a-stirring ;' and I sot up in bed, and looked and looked, and all was as dark as ink. 'Steve,' says I, 'you are getting old, you may depend. Oncet on a time you used to do up your sleep into one long parcel, but now you are so tired, you don't rest sound, and have to content yourself with a piece at a time ; — it

ain't day yet, try it again.' Well, I tossed and turned, and rolled about ever so long, and at last I snoozed away again, and when that was over, I up and out of bed, and felt for the window, and looked out, and it was as dark as Egypt ; and then I put a hand to each cheek agin the glass, and nearly flattened my nose agin the pane, and stared and stared, but there warn't a star or the least streak of light to be seen ; so back I went to bed agin, but I couldn't sleep — no how I could work it : I had had enough, or was too tired ; but I don't like to give in till I can't help myself ; so I began to count one, two, three, four, up to a hundred, and then back agin, one, two, three, four, and so on — but it was no go. Then I fancied I was driving a flock of sheep over a notch in the fence, one by one ; and when two got over the fence at oncet, I'd drive one of them back, and begin agin ; but it didn't confuse me to sleep ; and then I tried a rhyme : —

'I wish I had a load of poles
To fence my garden round,
The pigs they do break in and root,
And all my sarce confound.'

And then I chased a little black boar round and round the garden walks, till I grew dizzy, and slipt off into a good solid nap. Well, when this was over, I looked up, and still all was as dark as ever, and I got more tired of the bed than the three days' moose-hunt : so, thinks I, I'll get up and go to the keeping-room, and light my pipe, and wait for daybreak ; — but this is a most mortal long night, that's certain ; or, perhaps, I've got cold, and can't see out of my eyes. Well, that idea did startle me, you may depend ; so I went to the window agin, and looked through as hard as I could, till I strained my peepers out a'most, but no daybreak was there. 'Perhaps it's a heavy land-fog,' says I ; so I lifted the sash, and just as I was a-popping my head out, I got a crack over the pate that actilly made the fire fly from my eyes. 'Hallo !' says I, 'what in natur is all this ? — let me think about it. Where am I ? — Am I in Increase Card's house ? — What ails me, that I can't sleep ? — or am I buried alive by an earthquake ? — or has the sun forgot to get up this morning ? — or what in the world is to pay now ? — I'll try the door.' Well, I opened the door, and felt along out to the porch, and along the wall to the house door, when the light fell on me all of a sudden so dazzling bright, it nearly blinded me, and made me wink like an owl. It was two o'clock in the day, at the least, and the sun shining away as clear and as hot as iron melted to a white heat. The fact is, Increase had built an addition to the house, and had lathed and plastered outside of the windows, and hadn't yet cut out fresh places

in the end of the room for them, and it was agin this new wall that I knocked my head. Well, I didn't know whether to be mad or to laugh; but I didn't see I had any one to be mad with but myself, and as I never laugh except at other folks, I didn't do neither one nor the other, but struck a light, went into the dark room, dressed myself, returned, and made a most royal dinner and breakfast all in one, shouldered a haunch of venison, and started for the settlements. That was a most — a particular long night, and was more than a match after all for this tremendous long day."

On the second morning, although the wind had subsided, it still snowed fast and heavily at intervals, but Barclay foretold the entire cessation of the storm in the course of the afternoon. Having taken an early dinner, as on the preceding day, we again adjourned to the keeping-room about three o'clock, for the purpose of listening to the various stories and anecdotes told by the company, which are so illustrative of the habits and tastes of the people. The conversation for some time after we joined the party was desultory, and not worth recording; all, however, agreed that the opening in the clouds which disclosed a patch of blue sky in the west was the forerunner of a fine evening, which had a visible effect on the countenances and spirits of every body. One of the passengers of the stage sleigh, who, it afterwards appeared, belonged to the Commissariat department at Halifax, called Miss Lucy on one side, and earnestly pressed some request upon her, that I did not distinctly hear, to which she objected that it was rather late, and the roads impassable. I heard something, however, about taking the open fields and a violin, which seemed to convince her, for she went to the kitchen and gave orders that appeared to meet with remonstrance, but which was effectually silenced by the young lady raising her voice, and saying, "Just you go and do as you are told now, and no nonsense;" and shortly afterwards I heard a sleigh, with its merry bells, leave the house. As soon as she had resumed her seat, she asked a stranger who sat next to her, either to sing a song or to tell a story; and, upon his choosing the latter, inquired whether he knew a good ghost-story.

"No," he replied, "I have never seen a ghost; but I'll tell you what I *have* seen — something much worse lately."

"Worse than a ghost?" she replied; "what in the world can that be? Come, do tell us, — I like such stories horridly. What was it?"

"I was attacked by a pack of wolves last week."

"Wolves!" exclaimed the young lady; "how shocking! what a dreadful thing it is that they

have found their way here! Where, under the sun, do you suppose they came from? for father says, none were ever seen in this province till last year; and he don't more than half believe there are any here now."

"Nor I either," said Stephen; "nor never will till I see the marks of some of them."

"The first I ever heard of the wolves, Miss Lucy," replied the stranger, "was at Fredericton, in the next province. About three years ago, the inhabitants were very much astonished at finding large herds of deer in the woods, of a species never seen in the country before, and only met with in the very northern part of Canada; but the cause was soon apparent in the great numbers of wolves that began to infest the forest at the same time, and who had evidently driven these animals before them, and hunted them across that vast wilderness. Several packs of wolves last year were known to have crossed the narrow isthmus that connects New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and having once established themselves here, I fear we never shall get rid of them unless the Legislature offers a large bounty to the Indians for their destruction. It is the Canada wolf, and from being better fed, is, in my opinion, a larger animal than the Spanish."

"Did one of them ever give you a nip?" said Mr. Richardson, "as Judge Beler did me? Heavens and earth! talk of a wolf's teeth, — it's nothing to the jaw of an old judge. Did any of them bite you?"

"No," he said, "I am happy to say they did not."

"Well, that's a pity, too," remarked Stephen; "because if one of them had taken you by the nape of the neck, and just let his teeth meet through it, you'd have had the marks, do you see; and it's a great satisfaction, that, when fellows don't believe you. I wish one of them had a-given you the mark of mouth: I should like to see how they write their name."

"Thank you," said the other; "I was not so fortunate, it appears, as you were."

"They tell me," said Stephen, "if you stoop down, put your head between your knees, and look backwards to a wolf, or a bear, or a tiger, or what not, nothing in the world dare face it. It will scare the devil, will a man's face turned upside down. Particularly if you can go like a horn; for music is what they can't stand, any how! See, this is the way," and he suited the action to the word, put himself in the extraordinary attitude, and made a capital imitation of the sound of a conch-shell, as blown at all the farm-houses in the country, to call the people who are in the fields home to their dinner. The third rehearsal was followed by just such a yell as he

describes himself to have uttered when the ghost seized him by the neck; so loud, so clear, and so appalling, that it was evident it was not designed as an imitation, but as a manifestation of fear or of pain. In a moment we were all upon our feet, and really the sight was a most alarming one. A little bull-terrier of old Neal's that lay under the table, seeing this extraordinary being intruding upon his domain, and defying him to combat, accepted the challenge, and seized him by the nose, and it was not without great difficulty he was choked off and expelled from the room. Stephen was badly cut, but not dangerously, and he bore it like a man. After order was a little restored, Miss Lucy said, —

"Now, Mr. Richardson, you have obtained your wish. You have got the mark of truth stamped upon you a second time. Your veracity is engraved on both sides. Suppose the gentleman tells us the story of the wolves?"

"O, them cursed bull-dogs!" said Stephen, whose voice was nearly stifled by a wet cloth held to his nose: "those bull-dogs are an exception to all rules. They ain't afraid of man or devil: but I'll bet my life on that trick, if it was tried on a wolf. But come, stranger, let's hear the story of the wolves. I hope it is a good one, and that you will tell it well, and then I won't think so much of this nip on the nose."

"Last Monday week," said the stranger, "I left Halifax in a sleigh, with a young friend of mine, for the wilderness beyond Musquedodoit, for the purpose of hunting the moose and cariboo deer. We took our provisions, blankets, guns, and ammunition with us; and having met an Indian (Joe Cope) by appointment at the Thirty Mile Inn, we left our horse and sleigh there, and divided our equipments into three parcels; my friend and myself carrying the lighter packs strapped in the shape of knapsacks on our shoulders, and the Indian carrying the guns and heavy luggage. As the days are short at this season of the year, we only proceeded ten miles further, and halted at the log-house of a settler, whose clearings are the last to be found in that direction."

"You don't mean to say you walked ten whole miles in one day, do you?" said Stephen. "Why, that was an awful stretch for a hunter! Didn't you feel tired, old seven leaguer?"

"Here we spent the night," continued the stranger, "and were most hospitably received, and abundantly provided with a substantial and excellent supper —"

"Gad, you needed it!" interposed Stephen, "after such an everlasting long tramp."

"And in the evening we sat round the fire and narrated stories, as we are now doing."

"I hope they were better ones," said Stephen, "than this yarn."

"People who live in the woods keep good hours; and, as we intended to start a little before the dawn of day, we had every disposition to follow their example, and retired early to rest. In our hamper of provisions was a bottle of brandy; and before I went to bed I offered some to the family; but they declined, saying, they never drank any kind of ardent spirits. The Indian had no such scruples, and took off his glass with great apparent relish, observing, that the strong water was very good. The settler remarked, that though none of his family used any thing of the sort, there was an old sempstress, or school-marm, in the house, who did, when she could get it, which was very seldom —"

"Poor old cutter!" said Stephen.

"And begged me to give her a little when she came in. Accordingly, when Aunt, as she was called, made her appearance, I offered her some of the creature comfort, which she accepted with apparent hesitation."

"As gals do kisses," said Stephen; for which indecent interruption he was severely rebuked by Miss Lucy, and positively ordered either to be quiet or to leave the room.

"The old lady made many previous inquiries about its strength, and expressed great fears as to its effect on her head. Her relish, however, notwithstanding her apprehensions, was not less than that of the Indian."

"I'll answer for it," said Stephen, "she made awful wry faces, and shook her head, and hissed through her teeth like a goose, arter it slipped down, as much as to say, 'Don't think I like it, or am used to it, for it's as hot as fire!'"

"We now separated for the night, each one retiring to his bed, except the Indian, who made up the fire, and, stretching himself out on the hearth, was asleep almost before his limbs had settled into their place. In the morning, Joe Cope called us before the break of day, our traps were again packed, and we took a hasty breakfast, and entered the forest. While putting up the things, I observed that the brandy-bottle was nearly empty, and blamed myself for having left it within reach of an Indian, whose thirst is generally insatiable. After the cold exposure and fatigue of a day's hunting, a little brandy is a great restorative —"

"Lord bless you," said Stephen, "it wouldn't hurt you at no time!"

"And such a sensible diminution of the stock I felt to be an irreparable loss; but it was done, and it was no use to commence our excursion with scolding; so I swallowed the disappointment instead of the brandy, and proceeded."

"About as bad a swap as you ever made in all your life!" added Stephen.

"After travelling some two or three miles, Mr. Joe Cope, who had never spoken a word since we left the house (for Indians seldom talk when travelling), asked me abruptly if I had missed any brandy. I replied I had observed that the bottle was not so full as I expected."

"Ah," said he, 'sarten white woman very fond of big drink!'

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired.

"Why," said Joe, 'Indgens, you know, always sleep with one ear open, and when that goes to sleep, t'other one opens. Well, last night, maybe twelve o'clock, I hear door move softly; open ear wakes t'other ear, and I listened. Well, old Auntie come out and look all round the room, then stop, then come where Joe was, look all over him, and see Joe fast asleep, then she go to table, and pour out one very big drink, holdin' breath good spell while going down throat easy, then give one long soft blow, all same as puff of smoke, which mean, very good dat brandy — feel all over — good. Then she go softly back, gettun in bed, but no fasten door. Auntie no afraid of Indgens scalp her that night, so she leave door just so, putting his two hands together, but not allowing them to touch each other. 'Well, about four, maybe, this morning, Auntie comes agin, walkin' on toe, take another very big suck at bottle, walkin back on heel though that time, very heavy — clump, clump, clump — and shut up door bang, and go in bed agin very heavy, all same as one lump. Sarten white woman very fond of big drink!' said Joe."

"I say, stranger," said Mr. Stephen Richardson, with a very snuffling intonation of voice, "I thought you was a-goin' to tell us of the wolves. What's that old woman taking your brandy got to do with it?"

"That was a very fatiguing day. We walked with our loads twenty-two miles into the close forest, and then we came to a barren, which, though only three miles wide, where we emerged, stretched away to the right as far as we could see. I proposed encamping for the night at the edge of this open plain, so that we might avail ourselves of the shelter, and commence our hunt in the morning, as the Indian told us we were certain of meeting with the moose and cariboo on its skirts, in consequence of the herbage to be found under the snow in certain wild meadows it contained. But Joe, with his usual sagacity, said, we were to windward, that our fire would certainly be scented by the deer, and we should find them too wild to be approached, and advised us to cross over to the other side before we bivouacked."

"Why, in course," said Stephen, "it stands to

reason; any fool knows you can't throw hot ashes to windward without hurting your eyes."

"We pushed across the plain, therefore, with what speed we could. The tracks of wild animals now became very numerous. Those of the moose, cariboo, wild-cat, loup cervier, foxes, and wolves even, were plainly distinguishable on the fresh snow."

"Why, man alive!" said Stephen, "did you expect to see the tracks of tame animals there?"

"The latter I had never seen," continued the stranger, "for, as I have before observed, they had only arrived in the province about two years. When we had advanced to within a short distance of the opposite side, a herd of cariboo suddenly turned the wooded promontory before us, and passed to the left in a smart trot."

"Take the leader," said the Indian, handing me a gun. 'Be cool, and take steady aim; and if he wounds him,' addressing my companion, and giving him the other gun, 'do you fire at the same one, or you may wound two, and get neither.'

"Following his instructions, I took deliberate aim at the first of the file, and brought him down; but he was almost immediately up and in motion again, when my friend fired and killed him. It was a fine fat buck; but the Indian gave us but little time for examination or exultation. He urged us to seek the cover immediately and encamp for the night, as the day was now far spent, and darkness fast approaching, and promised to return himself forthwith and secure the haunches. We accordingly pushed on, forgetful of all fatigue, and in a few minutes the axe was at work in erecting a temporary shelter, and in preparing firewood for the night."

"Who in the world ever heard of using an axe, and making a fire right among deer?" said Stephen. "Town-hunters and officers beat all natur. They walk a mile and then stop to drink, and one mile more and stop to eat, and one mile further and stop to smoke, and another mile and then want to rest, and then manage four miles more arter four more stops, and camp for the night. Then they send an Indian a-head to shoot a moose, and come back and say, what fine fun deer-hunting is!"

"As soon as the poles were adjusted for receiving the spruce boughs, which we were instructed how to entwine, Joe Cope took two large sheets of birchen bark in which the luggage was inclosed, and slinging them with thongs over his shoulder, reloaded a gun, and returned to the cariboo. It was quite dark when he made his appearance with his load of venison; but we had completed our arrangements for the

night. Light spruce boughs were spread for our bed, the exterior covering of branches excluded the wind, and a good blazing fire was ready for cooking our steaks. Joe shook his head.

"Ah," said he, 'sarten white man scare more nor kill!'

"He immediately piled more spruce boughs on the outer covering, carefully stopping up every crevice where the fire light could be seen, and then hanging a blanket over the narrow door-way, commenced preparing the steaks.

"Sarten," he said, 'wolf hunts well. When I come to the barren, wolf had got there before me, and was making supper off cariboo without cooking.'

"The steaks were excellent. I had toiled hard —"

"Very," said Stephen. "It is a wonder it didn't kill you!"

"Was very hungry, and made a capital supper. The brandy bottle was then produced, but its consumptive appearance gave too sure indication that its end was fast approaching."

"Sarten," said Joe, who participated in our disappointment, 'sarten white woman very fond of big drink!'

"It's a pity, then, you hadn't been fond of a big bottle yourself," said Stephen. "What the plague was a quart among three people?"

"Such a day of fatigue, terminated by such a supper, soon disposed us all for sleep; and having examined the priming of our guns, and put them in a place secure from accident, and replenished our fire, we stretched out for repose. My friend and the Indian were soon asleep; but the novelty of the scene, the entire loneliness of our situation, the vivid recollection of the slaughter of the deer, the excitement occasioned by the numerous traces of wild beasts in our immediate neighbourhood, and the last story of the wolf, whose howl I could now distinctly hear in the direction of the carcass, caused such a quick succession of ideas, that it was nearly an hour before I dropped into a sound sleep. How long I was in that state of oblivion I cannot tell, but judging by the state of the fire, which was then reduced to a heap of glowing coals, it must have been about midnight —"

"As to that," said Stephen, "it depends on the nature of the fuel. If it was soft wood, it would burn out in an hour; if hard wood, it would keep alive all night."

"When I was disturbed by something like a growl. The place where I had laid down was just opposite to the door, and I had fallen asleep with my face to the fire."

"Then you just had your head where you ought to have had your feet," said Stephen.

"When I opened my eyes, judge of my consternation when they encountered those of three or four wolves, who, attracted by the smell of the venison, had traced it to our camp, from one of the poles of which it now hung suspended most temptingly. They had torn away the blanket which had been hung over the door, and there they stood, their backs bristled, their eyes glaring, and their white teeth glistening in the light, and uttering a sort of suppressed growl, and just ready to spring on their helpless and drowsy prey. My first thought was of the guns; but, alas! they were close to the enemy, tied to the stakes of the wigwam, for fear of falling and doing mischief, and, therefore, wholly out of reach. The axe was outside, and there was not even a brand of fire that could be grasped, all was so completely burnt to coals. I then bethought me of my long knife: if I could only get at that and open it, I felt that, if I could not defend myself successfully, I should at least die hard."

"What a beautiful story!" said Miss Lucy. "That is very exciting! It's very awful! Tell us quick, did you get at the knife?"

"The knife was in the left pocket of my coat, and I was lying on my left side. I carefully put my arm behind me, and cautiously raised my body a little, so as to enable me to put my hand into my pocket; but I could not extract it without turning over. In the meantime, they kept slowly advancing, an inch or so at a time; and one of them seeing the meat within his reach, became quite enraged, when, encountering my eyes, he sprang across the fire, and seized me by the throat in a minute."

"Show me the marks!" said Stephen; "show me the marks, and I'll believe it; Hang it, man, if you had only a-put your head between your legs —"

"Do be quiet," said Miss Lucy, "and let him go on; you spoil the story! So he caught you by the throat?"

"Yes, he caught me by the throat. But at that instant I sprang to my feet, called out to the Indian, and hoped by the first shock to force the animal over on the fire. He had loosened his grip, and I now had him by the windpipe; but it required the whole of my muscular strength to hold him, while I passed my eye in rapid succession from one to the other of his companions, who stood ready to spring on me, and tear me to pieces. While thus engaged, the wolf with which I was in contact, by one desperate effort, threw me on my back, and the whole were instantly upon me.

"Sarten," said Joe Cope, 'sarten white man mad! What you choking Joe for?' said he.

"Oh, Joe," I said, "my good fellow, I hope I haven't hurt you! I was dreaming, and I thought I was attacked by the wolves."

"Ah!" he said; "sarten white man eat too much supper."

"Well, and what then?" said Stephen.

"Why, that's all," replied the stranger.

"All!" said Stephen, in great astonishment.

"Why, man alive, it's no story at all, or else you don't know how to tell it! You might as well call half an apple a whole apple. If you cut off a dog's tail, it's a dog still, do you see? or dock a horse, there is the horse left to the fore, and, perhaps, looking all the better of it. But a story is like a snake, all tail from the head; and if you cut there, you don't strike the tail off, but cut the head off. You knock the life out of it at once—kill it as dead as a herring. Your story is like a broken needle, it has got no point; or like an axe without an edge, as dull as a hoe. Take my advice, my old moose-misser, and the very next time you are axed to sing a song or spin a yarn, choose the first. It's bet-

ter to sing a ditty that has no tune, than tell a story that has no fun."

"Why, how would you have me tell it?" said the discomfited stranger.

"You might as well," rejoined Stephen, "ask me what I say when I say nothing, as to ask me how to tell a story that is no story. If I was to be so bold as to offer my advice, I should say tell it short, this way,—

"Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, and little birds built their nests in old men's beards, a youngster that had no beard went out a hunting. He thought he could shoot, but couldn't; for he fired at a cariboo and missed it; was frightened to see the tracks of wild beasts instead of tame ones in the woods; ate for his supper what he neither killed nor cooked; got the nightmare; fancied he saw three hungry wolves, woke up and found but one, and that was himself. Now, there is the hair and head, body and bones, and sum and substance, of your everlasting 'long story.'" — *Fraser's Magazine*.

CHINA.

Three Years' Wandering in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries: with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, new Plants, &c. By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. Murray.

Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China, and on the Chinese Language; illustrated by a Sketch of the Province of Kwangtung, showing its divisions into departments and districts. By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. Allen & Co.

These two books are by very different authors, and differ widely in their characters. Mr. Fortune, an intelligent practical botanist, rather proud than otherwise of his ignorance of what has previously been published on China, and laboring apparently under the disadvantage of an incomplete education, is apt at times to repeat what others before him have told more correctly, and at times to hazard hasty and inaccurate opinions. There is, however, a freshness in his descriptions, proceeding from the interest which the novelty of all objects inspired in him;

and, — as far as seeing with his own eyes, inquiring on the spot, and bringing a healthy, shrewd judgment to bear upon his observations and inquiries, can afford a guarantee, — his statements are entitled to be relied on. On matters of natural history, and on agricultural and horticultural questions, Mr. Fortune's experience and skill entitle him to perfect credence. Mr. Meadows, on the other hand, has enjoyed a liberal and systematic education; and had in an especial manner devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language for two years before he left Europe, with a view to qualify himself for such an appointment as he now holds. He, unlike Mr. Fortune, landed in China with a large store of previous information, to direct his inquiries and guard him against hasty conclusions: but with preconceptions rendering him too liable to see only what he expected; and with many systematized opinions (picked up under German professors), that seem to have somewhat dulled him to the perceptions of external sense. Extensive practical experience, however, as the person through whom the whole Chinese business of the Canton Consulate was necessarily transacted for upwards of two years, must have materially corrected this tendency. Mr. Meadows' experience has been chiefly among the merchants and diplomatists of China; and language and liter-

ary subjects are those in which he is most at home.

The local fields of observation cultivated by our two authors appear to have been as different as their natural and acquired qualifications. Mr. Meadows, by his official duties, has been confined in a great measure to Canton and its immediate vicinity. The greater part of Mr. Fortune's stay in China was passed in the tea districts, and about Shanghae.

The information respecting China contained in the volumes now under review may appear inconsiderable to any one who looks merely to its positive amount; but compared with the amount of our previous accurate information, it is valuable. Our real knowledge of China may be briefly indicated. The Jesuits (with the assistance of D'Anville's labors) have supplied us (all circumstances considered) with a wonderfully accurate and complete general map of the empire. The Russian agents and men of science, aided by the Russian governor along the northern frontier, have contributed many valuable details of the country along that line, with three routes from it to the interior, all meeting and terminating at Peking; and with partial navigations of the rivers. English agents have performed similar services for the country immediately round Canton, and as far to the southwest as the island of Hai-nan; and, at the other extremity of the southern frontier, for the districts immediately adjoining Little Thibet. Russian and English agents have curiously examined the eastern frontier; and English agents have connected Canton—by sea with the termination of the great wall, touching at many intermediate points—by sea and land with Peking. From this sketch it is obvious that our knowledge of China, in so far as it is derived from European informants, rests upon the observation of a very limited number of travellers, visiting widely remote districts in a hurried manner, at periods considerably removed from each other.

General notions of a country based upon such data cannot fail to be superficial, vague, and, in many respects, incorrect. It is to be added that the supplementary information derived from Chinese sources should be received with extreme caution. This is suggested alike by the obviously imperfect acquaintance which our most accomplished philologists have yet been able to form with the language and literature of China, and by the rash confidence with which so many have presumed to speak on the strength of something less than a half-knowledge. We may add the ascertained facts, that the scientific attainments of the Chinese, before they were taught by the Jesuits, were not of a nature to inspire confi-

dence in the accuracy of their voluminous historical and statistical repertories; while their scientific acquirements since the Jesuits made them acquainted with European methods, have been superficial and inaccurate.

It is almost superfluous to point attention to the value of actual observations by two such men as we have described Messrs. Meadows and Fortune to be. Although limited to a few years, and to narrow ranges in the Chinese Empire, they yet materially add to and correct our scanty and imperfect notions. It is by the multiplication of such works that we are gradually to acquire a knowledge of that extensive country, which it is now so much our interest to know aright. Every contribution from intelligent and truthful naturalists and cultivators like Mr. Fortune, and from shrewd well-educated men of business like Mr. Meadows, ought to be welcomed and encouraged.

Mr. Fortune's opportunities of observing were limited to the country between Hong-Kong and the mouth of Yang-tse-Kiang. He never penetrated far from the coast. His excursion inland from Ningpo to a temple where he spent some time—his excursion from Shanghae to Loo-chow-foo, whereby he connected the track of Lord Macartney's embassy on its return from Peking by a cross route with the coast—and his "overland" journey from Hang-chow-foo to Shanghae,—are the only occasions on which he has opened new ground. But he has enriched us with many able and intelligent sketches of the household manners, and manifestations of character, of the Chinese; and his accounts of their cultivation of tea, silk, and cotton, are far superior to any previously published. Mr. Meadows conducts us into no new regions,—but he draws up for the first time the curtain which has hitherto concealed the economy of Chinese public offices; he throws an entirely new light on the agents employed by the local officers of government, and their mutual relations; and his remarks on the structures are, in many respects, new and valuable.

The following extracts may help to convey some idea of Mr. Fortune's manner, and the interest which he has given to his book.

ALONE AMONG THE CHINESE PRIESTS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"After inspecting the tea farms and the mode of manufacturing it, Mr. Thom, Mr. Morrison, a son of the late Dr. Morrison, and Mr. Sinclair, returned to Ningpo, leaving me to prosecute my research in natural history in this part of the country. I was generally absent from the temple the whole day, returning at dark with the collections of plants and birds which I had been lucky enough to meet with in my peregrinations.

The friends of the priests came from all quarters of the adjacent country to see the foreigner; and, as in the case of a wild animal, my feeding time seemed to be the most interesting moment to them. My dinner was placed on a round table in the centre of the room, and although rather curiously concocted, being half Chinese and half English, the exercise and fresh air of the mountains gave me a keen appetite. The difficulties of the chopsticks were soon got over, and I was able to manage them nearly as well as the Chinese themselves. The priests and their friends filled the chairs, which are always placed down the sides of a Chinese hall, each man with his pipe in his mouth and his cup of tea by his side. With all deference to my host and his friends, I was obliged to request the smoking to be stopped, as it was disagreeable to me while at dinner; in other respects I believe I was "polite" enough. I shall never forget how inexpressibly lonely I felt the first night after the departure of my friends. The Chinese one by one dropped off to their homes or to bed, and at last my host himself gave several unequivocal yawns, which reminded me that it was time to retire for the night. My bed-room was upstairs, and to get to it, I had to pass through a small temple, such as I have already noticed, dedicated to *Tein-how*, or the 'Queen of Heaven,' and crowded with other idols. Incense was burning on the altar in front of the idols; a solitary lamp shed a dim light over the objects in the room, and a kind of solemn stillness seemed to pervade the whole place. In the room below, and also in one in an adjoining house, I could hear the priests engaged in their devotional exercises, in that singing tone which is peculiar to them. Then the sounds of the gong fell upon my ears; and, at intervals, a single solemn toll of the large bronze bell in the belfry; all which showed that the priests were engaged in public as well as private devotion. Amidst scenes of this kind, in a strange country, far from friends and home, impressions are apt to be made upon the mind, which remain vivid through life; and I feel convinced I shall never forget the strange mixture of feelings which filled my mind during the first night of my stay with the priests in the temple of *Tein-tung*. I have visited the place often since, passed through the same little temple, slept in the same bed, and heard the same solemn sounds throughout the silent watches of the night, and yet the first impressions remain in my mind distinct and single."

HUNTING WITH THE PRIESTS.

"One evening a deputation, headed by the high priest, came and informed me that the wild boars had come down from the mountains at night, and were destroying the young shoots of the bamboo, which were then just coming through the ground, and were in the state in which they are highly prized as a vegetable for the table. 'Well,' said I, 'what do you want me to do?'"

"'Will you be good enough to lend us the gun?'"

"'Yes; there it stands in the corner of the room.'"

"'O, but you must load it for us.'"

"'Very well, I will;'" and I immediately loaded the gun with ball. 'There, but take care and don't shoot yourselves.' There was now a long pause; none had sufficient courage to take the gun, and a long consultation was held between them. At length the spokesman came forward with great gravity, and told me they were afraid to fire it off, but that if I would go with them and shoot the boar, I should have it to eat. This was certainly no great sacrifice on the part of the Buddhist priesthood, who do not, or at least should not, eat animal food. We now sallied forth in a body to fight the wild boars; but the night was so dark that we could see nothing in the bamboo ravines, and, perhaps, the noise made by about thirty priests and servants warned the animals to retire to the brushwood higher up the hills. Be that as it may, we could neither see nor hear any thing of them, and I confess I was rather glad than otherwise, as I thought there was a considerable chance of my shooting by mistake a priest instead of a wild boar."

PUBLIC BATHS IN SHANGHAE.

"In the town of Shanghai, as well as in many other large Chinese towns, there are a number of public hot-water bathing establishments, which must be of great importance as regards the health and comfort of the natives. I will describe one which I passed daily during my residence in Shanghai. There are two outer rooms used for undressing and dressing; the first and largest is for the poorer classes; the second for those who consider themselves more respectable, and who wish to be more private. As you enter the largest of these rooms, a placard which is hung near the door informs you what the charges are, and a man stands there to receive the money on entrance. Arranged in rows down the middle and round the sides of both rooms are a number of small boxes or lockers, furnished with lock and key, into which the visitors put their clothes, and where they can make sure of finding them when they return from the bathing room, which is entered by a small door at the farther end of the building, and is about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide; the water occupying the whole space, except a narrow path round the sides. The water is from one foot to eighteen inches deep, and the sides of the bath are lined with marble slabs, from which the bathers step into the water, and on which they sit and wash themselves: the furnace is placed on the outside, and the flues are carried below the centre of the bath."

"In the afternoon and evening this establishment is crowded with visitors, and on entering the bath room, the first impression is almost insupportable; the hot steam or vapor meets you at the door, filling the eyes and ears, and causing perspiration to run from every pore of the body; it almost darkens the place, and the Chinamen seen in this imperfect light, with their brown skins and long tails, sporting amongst the water, render the scene a most ludicrous one to an Englishman."

"Those visitors who use the common room pay only six copper cash; the others pay eighteen, but they have in addition a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco from the proprietors. I may mention that one hundred copper cash amount to about 4 1-2d. of our money; so that the first class enjoy a hot-water bath for about one farthing! and the other a bath, a private room, a cup of tea, and a pipe of tobacco for something less than one penny!"

Mr. Meadows' description of the yamun (the prisons, offices, and dwellings of the mandarins) will have most of novelty for our readers.

"I am told that nine tenths of the numerous yamun in the Chinese empire are built on nearly one and the same plan, and it is certain that they all contain in common four grand divisions; for that we can perceive from the Imperial regulations regarding forms and observances on official visits, which are corroborated by facts incidentally conveyed in the penal and other codes.

"The first, or outermost, of these divisions comprises within it, gaols and places of confinement for short periods; and the dwellings of the chai, or police runners, bailiffs, turnkeys, porters, &c.

"The second contains offices (each of which is frequently composed of several rooms), corresponding to the six supreme boards at Peking, and some other offices, which vary according to the rank and duties of the mandarin. Only the yamun of the higher mandarins have, however, got an office corresponding to the Board of Civil Office in Peking; the reason for which is sufficiently obvious, as the business of that Board is to govern mandarins. In these offices of the second division all the records of the yamun are deposited. The second division contains, also, the great hall, for the formal trial of causes and of criminals, and for other great occasions. It likewise contains the treasury of the yamun.

"The third division includes the office of the mandarin himself, where he superintends the despatch of his correspondence, and of official documents generally, as well as frequently holds judicial examinations; the rooms in which other mandarins, sent by the higher authorities to assist, where the business is great, severally investigate the cases which have been especially handed over to them; the apartments for the reception of visitors, and for giving entertainments; and the apartments and offices for the shi ye and yemun. Here is also the kitchen of the mandarin.

"This third division is called the nōi (inner) shu, in contradistinction to the second, which is called the wai (outer) shu. The word shu is used very much like our word office, but with this difference, that it is only employed with reference to government offices.

"The fourth, or innermost division, comprises the private residence of the mandarin, where the females of his family and his nearer male relations dwell, and into which no male employed by him, not even his personal servants, are permitted to enter. Female domestics only are

used here, and the communication with the kitchen is, in many yamun, kept up by means of a tub revolving horizontally in a wall, like the tables used for a similar purpose in some of the European nunneries."

The yamuns of the district magistrates, Mr. Meadows says, are the most formidable in the eyes of the people. Each comprises a general police station, a county gaol, the place for the courts of assize, and the dwelling of the magistrate, all in one. The inhabitants of this complicated establishment, exclusive of the mandarin and his family, may be divided into four classes. 1. The *shi-ye*, judicial advisers and private secretaries of the mandarin, the only people in China who devote themselves solely to the study of the law; 2. The *yemun*, the followers of the mandarin; 3. The *shu-pan*, the clerks recognized by government; and, 4. The *chai-yu*, thief-takers, bailiffs, and turnkeys.

The most important of these persons—the really efficient dependents of the mandarin—the substance out of which he from time to time cuts the other forms—are the *yemun*. Mr. Meadows remarks that in England we have nothing similar to this class of men. Not now, we may admit, and we have reason to be thankful that it is so; but the "families" of our great noblemen and statesmen in the time of Elizabeth (and as far down as that of Charles II.) were their exact counterparts. In France, too, from the time of the first breaking up of feudality till the complete establishment of the kingly power, every man of influence had a similar "tail." In all countries where the ostensible government has become a "sham," power will be found vested in the leaders of such "followings."

Here is Mr. Meadows' account of the *yemuns*:

"We have in England nothing similar to this class of men; and very fortunately so, for the chief of them are the negotiators of all the special bribes, and the channels through which the other illegal gains of a mandarin are conveyed to his purse.

"They are, like the shi ye, in the private employ of the mandarin, but they get no fixed pay, being remunerated solely by a portion of the bribes, &c. that pass through their hands. The lower of them are the personal attendants of the mandarin, but the higher, who have the distinctive title of *mun shang* (upon the gate,) never perform any menial offices. To each of these higher followers, the mandarin, as soon as he enters upon his office, assigns a particular duty. This will be deputed to receive the bribes from the gambling houses and other illegal establishments connived at by the mandarin in different parts of the territory subject to his jurisdiction; one will have the custody and superintend the use of the official seal, and so

on. The most important among them, and, next to the mandarin, the most influential man in the yamun, is the *kau an* (draft case) *mun shang*. The business of this man is to report to the mandarin all applications made to the yamun, or any thing that may have occurred requiring his attention; and then to see that the proper persons set about the execution of such measures as the mandarin may see fit to adopt; to settle the amount of all the *extraordinary* or *special* bribes to be demanded from the different parties in lawsuits, according to their ability to pay, and the urgencies of the causes that oblige them to pay; and to receive presents from the mandarins subject to his master, and transmit those from his master to higher ones.

"In the temporary absence of the mandarin, the *kau an mun shang* will, after consulting with the *shi ye*, order preliminary steps to be taken in any urgent case that may suddenly occur. He is often a relation of the mandarin, and not unfrequently the person who advanced him funds wherewith to bribe his way into his post, and who then accompanies him to it, in order to get repaid. It is evident the mandarin can place implicit confidence in his zeal, if he belong to the latter class, since his only chance of being repaid depends on the mandarin's retaining his place. Many of the *mun shang* are persons recommended by higher mandarins to their present masters, and the number of persons recommended to a new mandarin is often so great, as to cause him much embarrassment, from his inability to employ them.

"A mandarin will also sometimes promote a clever personal attendant, who has been long in his service, to the post of a *mun shang*, and even to that of a *kau an mun shang*. However they may have got their places, they are, notwithstanding the great influence they exercise, always considered as domestics, and are frequently called *chia jen*, household people. They are, therefore, not looked on as fit associates for the mandarins, and cannot presume to sit in the presence of their own master. The lower mandarins are, however, glad to keep on good terms with the *mun shang* of their superiors; and I have seen crystal and white button mandarins very profuse in their civilities to the *kau an mun shang* of the governor-general.

"It is quite impossible to say what the annual income of these people may be, as it varies so much in different yamun, and in the same yamun at different times, depending, in a great measure, on the number and wealth of litigants; but I may mention, that the Chinese frequently speak of the more fortunate of the *kau an mun shang* getting so much as ten, twenty, and thirty thousand taels in a single year. Others, again, do not get more than a few hundred taels annually."

With the following lively sketch of a *yamun* we must conclude this notice:

"The yamun of a district magistrate is, from the nature and multiplicity of the functions of this mandarin, the most busy of any; and the

two which are situated in Canton, viz. the district yamun of Nan ghai, and that of Pan yū, where a number of criminal cases from other districts of the provinces are investigated by mandarins specially deputed for that purpose, form, I am told, a very striking spectacle, from the great stir that pervades them from sunrise to sunset. The almost unceasing flail-like sounds of beating with the bamboo, either as a punishment for ascertained guilt, or to extort confessions and evidence; the cries of the sufferers; the voices of the examining mandarins questioning, bullying, and wheedling; the voices of the porters stationed at the doors between the first and second, and the second and third divisions, transmitting, in a loud, singing tone, orders for *shu pan* of different offices and *chai yū* of various sorts to repair to certain places in the yamun where they are wanted; the constant running hither and thither of some of the latter personages and of the other inhabitants of the place; and the frequent appearance of criminals and witnesses being escorted to and from the prisons and rooms for examination, are sounds and sights that bewilder and agitate those who have not been accustomed to them, and serve to heighten that dread which all private Chinese entertain of entering a yamun.

"Such, at least, is the idea the descriptions of the Chinese, joined to circumstances incidentally mentioned, would lead me to form of the interior of the two yamun above named; but the reader must remember that these are the busiest establishments of this sort in the second city of the empire." — *Examiner*.

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in sterner attributes of mankind.

"That man has grown up among kind affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience, remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice, — and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY.

From the German.

I am now sixty years of age, and having all my life been forced to disguise my feelings and act a part, will at last fling the mask aside and speak the truth. But to whom shall I address myself? for unless it be to laugh at her, an old lady will hardly find a friend willing to listen to the history of her life. Well, I shall address this confession to myself, and speak freely and frankly. It will be some relief to me. I shall be writing a kind of a moral testament; and when the pen has once done its duty, the past will no longer be my own. The past! Good Heaven! how far does it now lie behind me, and yet how near does it still appear!

I shall sleep to-night in yon chamber, which I have not entered for forty years. Every thing here seems so unchanged, so much like what it was when I last occupied these apartments; I saw so true a representation of former times in their appearance, that I actually recoiled with affright on beholding the reflection of my own wrinkled face in a mirror: I had almost fancied that I was still to find myself young and unchanged. Alas! from to-day every remnant of youthful feeling has vanished from my breast.

I lost my mother in infancy, and was only ten years of age when my father died. An elder sister became my guardian; but as she had just made a brilliant marriage, and was entering the gay world at the most promising period of her career, in flower of youth and beauty's pride, she was glad to be relieved from taking charge of me. I was, therefore, placed for my education in a convent which was then in considerable vogue, and in which were many young ladies of rank and fortune. It was usual for the pupils to remain in this establishment till they had attained their sixteenth or seventeenth year, then to marry, or to join their friends in the great world. This was also my sister's intention with regard to myself, as she very frankly told me when she bade me adieu, and left me at the convent under the charge of a governess.

Among the pupils was a Lady Emily O——, to whom I soon became greatly attached. She was several years older than myself, full of talents, spirit, and romance. She lived in the clouds, so to express it, and Platonic love was her ideal of all that was great and beautiful. As I also possessed an easily excited fancy, Lady Emilie's conversation fell upon a fruitful soil; though she was candid enough to tell me that the real world offered little foundation on which to raise

such brilliant structures of ideal beauty and perfection as she was fond of building.

"Men are not what I take pleasure in representing them," she often said; "it is only my fancy that loves to paint them in such bright colors. But you will know them in time, and you will be easily understood."

As I grew up I gradually adopted the notions of my friend, and lived with her in an ideal sphere, of which we were, in truth, the only inhabitants. I forsook the playmates of my own age, and passed whole days in hearing this modern Héloïsa read *Werther*, and tales of the same class, which she had herself composed in a still more exaggerated strain. Beyond hearing me repeat my lessons, my governess took little trouble about me; and as the lady-superior was satisfied with her reports, no one paid the least attention to my general way of going on.

When I was fifteen years of age, Lady Emily died and left me all her papers and manuscripts. These I took with me when soon afterwards I quitted the convent, and made them my constant, almost my only study. How impatient I was to see the world, I had pictured to myself so beautiful; but which, when beheld, I hardly recognized. Instead of allowing me to form a romantic attachment, to select (as the patron of my life) the object of my affection, my family presented Baron Nierking to me, and told me to look upon him as my future husband; that he was a man of wealth, rank, and station—altogether unexceptionable, in fact; and that our marriage was a settled affair. When I attempted to remonstrate I was laughed at, called a little fool, and was greatly surprised to find myself married before I had time to object, and almost before I knew how it had happened.

My husband was about fifty, had once been handsome—knew it, and still thought himself so. He was a man of limited and little cultivated understanding, and of cold disposition. He had never loved me; but the world called me happy, for I had wealth at command, and was allowed perfect and uncontrolled freedom. What could I desire more?

"Happy," indeed! and what is this happiness of which all are speaking? I picture it to myself as a spirit, or essence, inhabiting a golden temple with numerous gates, each surmounted by emblematical figures—toys of all sorts; here flowers, and there laurels; and every individual on approaching hurries towards the gate which

seems the most attractive. But how to open it when attained? One aspirant sometimes spends a whole life in knocking at all; another, in constantly tarrying at the same. Here a gate yields to our efforts, we think the goal is gained; when, lo! a laughing demon points to the divinity we wish to approach, then thrusts us out, and we find ourselves as far from the mark as ever. This was my fate. Love constituted my ideal of happiness; I could comprehend no other, and this one source of happiness was to be denied me.

Notwithstanding my foolish and extravagant fancies I yet retained, during the earlier period of my married life, the strictest sentiments of duty. I suffered in my solitary position, and pride made me reject all the attention paid me; but I confess that even this feeling of duty ultimately gave way, and consigned me to grief and sorrow. I sighed and sought for a heart to love me. At last I pictured to myself an ideal, and, of course, incomparable lover, having all the features and perfections of the favored heroes of my romances. I looked round the brilliant circles of society, and smiled when I compared the most distinguished cavaliers with his fancied perfections. By degrees all my thoughts were fixed on this ideal lover, to whom I became at last fondly and affectionately attached. I spoke to him, wrote to him, sometimes represented him as ill, sometimes as jealous; he joined the army, got into danger, and I sacrificed myself to ensure his safety. At last we met again, and then followed a period of undisturbed happiness. He understood me perfectly, accompanied me through life, joined me in society, and became a perfect guardian angel; for I watched carefully every step of my conduct, in order to give him no cause of complaint. On his account I rejoiced in the attention paid me, and in the admiration my general behaviour excited; nor was there any pleasure or gratification which I was not ready to relinquish merely to oblige him: I was playing a real *Comedy of Love* in secret. This comedy lasted for three years, and the consequences impressed themselves strongly on my character; many of my friends hardly knew me again; some were alarmed by the change; but I took no notice of their conjectures, and allowed them to think whatever they pleased. What was the world's opinion to me?

I was twenty-three years of age when I passed four weeks on a visit at the castle of one of my cousins—even here, where I now write these lines. My ideal lover was not with me; his absence caused me, of course, much grief, and I was sighing for the hour of our next meeting. The period of my visit was at an end, and my departure fixed for the next morning, when my

coachman reported that my carriage had received an injury which could not be repaired in less than a day. The delay vexed me a good deal, but my cousin consoled me, as she expected a very pleasant addition to her party in the morning.

"My uncle," she said, "is coming; and who do you think, Bertha, accompanies him? Why, your favorite poet, the poetical hero, the adored of all the women, whom you have so long been anxious to meet,—Count Arthur G——."

These tidings easily reconciled me to the accident which had befallen my carriage; though I reproached myself in some measure, for this feeling. Did not all my thoughts belong to him whom I had left at a distance? But my curiosity was excited, and the day passed in speculating on the appearance of this lauded irresistible. We were four young ladies at the castle, and every one of us had formed a different opinion on the subject. When assembled for breakfast next morning, it was immediately observed that all the toilets were more carefully selected than usual; the spirit of coquetry seemed to pervade the whole party, and it might have been thought that we were all in love with Count Arthur, so frequently and impatiently did our eyes glance from the clock to the castle gate. At last a carriage drove up, and the whole party instantly hurried to the window; I did not follow the example, but hastened to my own room, hardly able to explain to myself the nature of my emotions. It actually required time and some effort before I could recover sufficient composure to return to the drawing-room. With downcast eyes, and strangely agitated, I opened the door, but heard only one voice, that of my uncle, who accosted me in his usual friendly manner; I could hardly answer, till, looking about, I found that we were alone.

"Where are the ladies?" I then inquired.

"In the garden, with Count Arthur, my fair Lady Baroness."

Without further remark the old gentleman immediately went up to a glass-case that contained some valuable antiquities, which, as a keen antiquarian, he always contemplated with renewed pleasure. I followed mechanically, and was listening, without attention, to a learned treatise on an ancient tiara, when steps approached, and a young man of grave and calm aspect joined us. It was the count himself.

"Count Arthur, my niece, Baroness Nierking," said my uncle.

A few commonplaces followed on this introduction; and though he must, of course, have seen me, I waited till he had addressed me before I ventured to raise my eyes in order to look at him. He joined in the conversation,

and, though very celebrated at the time, was totally unassuming. His observations all showed the man of taste and information, and I found them so striking, that I could almost have fancied them my own.

The party now assembled and proceeded to visit the castle, and especially a turret of some historical note, which my uncle never failed to inspect. To reach it we had to pass through a room which had been assigned as a study to the count, and where we found that some of his papers had been thrown carelessly on the table, as if preparatively to their being put in order. This led to a request that he would favor us by reading some of his compositions; he consented at last, and I took my seat on a sofa exactly opposite to him. His reading was impressive, and he seemed to address every striking line of poetry so especially to me, that the other ladies actually appeared jealous, so that I was forced to rise merely to escape their inquisitorial glances. The count followed my example and joined me; my heart beat as if my very breast were about to burst asunder. I found myself drawn towards him by an irresistible power, which he probably observed.

"And your ladyship* has actually resolved to leave us to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes, my lord," I replied, looking round the room rather than at the speaker.

"But wherefore so soon?" he continued.

"I leave with regret, but I am expected at home;" and these words having gradually restored my composure, I left him, and the party returned to the drawing-room. A lady took her place at the piano and sang, another followed

her example, and my uncle pressed me to do the same. My heart was full, and I consented; and feel convinced that the tones of my voice had never been so touching. The count stood by my side; he did not speak, but seemed fully to share my emotions. I dwell so long on the history of this day, because it was the first, the events of which impressed themselves on my heart for life: the first day till to-day -- which is the last.

After dinner followed a walk in the garden. Count Arthur gave me his arm; at first we spoke in the commonplace manner of the commonplace things, that so often lead to the most interesting conversations. At last we came to the theme of endless novelty and variety -- the theme which has some time or other spoken home to the hearts of all who can feel, and of which all have either heard or thought -- I mean, love.

Count Arthur inquired what was my idea of love? I had none.

"Do you not think with me, my lady," he continued, "that men in general too readily give way to this dangerous passion? I mean, of course, those who are capable of feeling it, for the others are not worth taking into account. Only look around you, and I am sure your ladyship will see nothing but lovers."

"Lovers! no, pardon me, my lord: only men of gallantry."

"You are unjust, my lady; you, of all others, ought to know what real love is: for what other but a real attachment could you inspire?"

In saying which his eyes rested on me in the softest and most expressive manner.

"Do not on that account," he continued, "take me for an absolute Amadis; I am far from speaking by experience, for I have never yet been in love -- really and truly in love. I have often admired a lady, taken pleasure in her conversation and society, felt even a passing *passion*, but no deeper sensation. And yet I look with the most fervent anxiety to the moment when I am to meet the angel that is to brighten my existence. My heart is hoarding the most enthusiastic gratitude wherewith to repay her generosity; for a poet without an adored is like a sky without stars."

This conversation was, I felt, very dangerous for me, but I could not tear myself away from him; and it was only when the party returned to the castle that we were separated. His eyes followed me during the whole of the evening, and most of his speeches were addressed to me, or filled with allusions applicable to our relative situations. I was completely dazzled.

Arrived in my chamber I threw myself into an arm-chair, covered my face, and remained

* We render the German title *Gnädige Frau*, by My Lady, even as we translate *Herr Graf*, by My Lord, without pretending, however, to be very sure of our own accuracy. And here we would call the attention of all German-speaking Englishmen to a difficulty in regard to this matter, which we who write never could get over in society. A lady of noble birth is addressed as *Gnädige Frau*, a title as easily pronounced as any other; but a lady not of noble birth is only *Frau*, literally *woman*, and sounds oddly to an Englishman, to say the least of it. A young unmarried lady is *Fräulein*; if of noble birth, *Gnädiges Fräulein*, which sounds very well. The French mode of rendering English titles, *le Lord*, *la Mistress*, *la Miss*, we look upon as vulgar in the extreme; but consider their treatment of the baronetage, their calling Sir Robert Peel, for instance, *Sir Peel*, Sir James Graham, *Sir Graham*, &c. &c., as only an amusing illustration of their singular inaptitude to comprehend the spirit of any foreign language. The German mode of rendering English titles or appellations, as *Der Lord*, *die Mistress*, *die Miss*, is also very inelegant, though, from the affinity of the English and German, less offensive than the French.

The writer is mistaken in supposing that *Frau* alone is ever used in addressing ladies not of noble birth. The French *Madame*, with the name, is generally employed. — ED. DAG.

for two hours, I believe, unmoved in that position, passing all the events of the day before me. The most minute trifles had impressed themselves indelibly on my memory; every word he had uttered stood in flaming letters before me, and, as may well be supposed, completely deprived me of sleep during the night. The chambermaid who came to call me in the morning, found me already up and dressed for the journey. O, how full my heart was! I had hardly entered my carriage when a servant brought me a letter; the seal and handwriting were unknown to me; but the agitation that seized me told me from whom it came. I opened it with a trembling hand, impatient to be alone, that I might, with my whole heart, enjoy the pleasure of reading it. The contents were in verse — verses full of sorrow and tenderness. I concealed them in my bosom, resolved that no mortal eyes but my own should ever gaze upon them. During the last stage of the journey my ideal lover again came to my recollection; but, alas, how changed! for when I looked for his image in my heart, I only found the portraiture of Count Arthur! Fancy's dream had become reality, and airy nothing had now assumed "a local habitation and a name."

From this moment I only lived for him. Surrounded by his writings, I read them over and over again, and entered into all his feelings. If a new work of his appeared, I was the first to secure it and devour its contents, which always, I thought, contained allusions to our mutual sentiments and unfortunate attachment. I fancied myself depicted in all his heroines, and believed that he was addressing me in the speeches of all his lovers. If he spoke of the pangs of separation, of the afflictions of hopeless love, he was only, as I deemed, speaking of me. I had only changed the object of my folly, and now loved so ardently that I could not even hear his name mentioned without changing color. Nothing was more ludicrous than the absolute contempt with which I treated all other gentlemen who endeavoured at times to pay me attention; a pitying smile was their only reward. I measured them by the fancied greatness of my new idol, and, alas, how little did they then appear! Without ever sending one of them, I wrote, I suppose, no fewer than five hundred letters to this lover of a single day. I told him every thing, my joys and sorrows; spoke, above all, of my love. My imagination grew more and more extravagant respecting him, till I actually rhapsodized.

Thus passed my youth; and it was worth being young for the possession of such feelings. Then came the period of the desolating French wars; our home was rendered insecure, and I removed

with my husband to one of the capitals of northern Germany. It happened to be the usual residence of Count Arthur; but he was then absent on some diplomatic mission. His sister, with whom I became acquainted, was a very commonplace, prosaic person, but appeared an absolute *Corinna* in my eyes, merely because he was attached to her. I fancied, of course, that he must have spoken to her about me, and questioned her at least a thousand times on the subject; and she thought, at last, that she recollected his having returned from the south of Germany some years before, with an unfortunate attachment in his heart. This was enough for me; all doubts were now removed, and I should hardly have been more delighted had a declaration of love come even from his own lips.

But the wide-spreading ravages of war again forced us to change our quarters, and we removed to Prague. I was no longer young, and my fancy gradually began to cool; but I still thought of Count Arthur with the most affectionate tenderness, and, though I wrote no more letters, still occupied myself a great deal with him. I often read the verses he had sent me, and always with *secret* delight, for no one had yet been allowed to see them; they constituted the only link between us, and formed, I may say, the principal joys of my existence. These continued dreams ended, at last, by making me believe in the full truth of the romance which imagination had conceived. If his name were mentioned I often repeated, almost involuntarily, "O, I am very well acquainted with Count Arthur!" and these words were generally accompanied by a pensive and self-satisfied smile, which must often have made the hearers believe that I knew him but too well.

The restoration of peace enabled me, after an absence of many years, again to return to my home. My husband had died during our exile; I was now a widow, without children, in possession of considerable property, and a good deal courted, therefore, by my relations. The cousin whom I formerly mentioned did not forget me; but her kind heart was above being influenced by selfish motives. She resided for a time with me, on one of my estates, for her family had been obliged to part with the castle where we had met Count Arthur — a loss which she deeply lamented. But chance again brought the property into the market; a moderate price only was demanded, and as she was enabled to raise the money, she instantly repurchased the place, and returned with delight to the scenes in which she had passed her youth. I promised her an early visit; but illness, business, various occupations, delayed me, and years passed away before I could carry my resolution into effect. At last,

about eight days ago, I received the following letter, —

"My dear Bertha, — I can no longer let you off; and your presence at my castle on or before the 18th of July, is now indispensably necessary. I shall accept no apology; a heartfelt pleasure awaits you, and I should never console myself were you to decline my invitation."

How could I resist such entreaties? Though sixty years of age, I was still a woman with all a woman's curiosity. On the 18th of July, therefore, I arrived at the castle, and no sooner entered the drawing-room than my cousin, rushing into my arms, exclaimed, with all her usual spirit and vivacity, —

"Now, tell me quickly, which of all your former acquaintances are you most anxious to meet again? Speak frankly and sincerely."

I named a few at random.

"Not so, not so," she replied; "a still older acquaintance, one first met here in this very castle, and whom your heart continues to acknowledge."

I was so weak as still to blush.

"That's it," said my cousin; "now you are right. It is Count Arthur, I expect him here every minute. The charming Arthur! I wonder what has become of his elegant figure and brown curling locks!"

"Even, I suppose, what has become of our beauty, which has turned to wrinkles and ugliness."

I said this on purpose to prevent her from saying so, but did not wish to believe my own words. My heart could not harbor the possibility of finding Count Arthur changed from what I had seen him some forty years before.

We spoke of past times, of the very day on which we had formerly expected him, even as we did now. But what a difference! Then in youth, and now in age! At this moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the count's chariot drew up. I hastened into the embrasure of a window, to see him alight; the carriage-door opened, and I actually shrunk back in terror when I beheld him. Was this Count Arthur? — a decrepid old man, whose tall figure was almost bent together, whose face was full of wrinkles, and wanted every particle of that dignity which often accompanies age! This, with a few grey hairs scattered round an almost bald head, was all that now remained of the once gay and gallant count!

My cousin received him in the most friendly manner, —

"Welcome, my dear count!" she said; "here is a lady who will be delighted to see you again."

After I had recovered myself a little, I approached.

"Do you not know her? It is my cousin, the Baroness Nierking, whom, on your former visit, you found so amiable and interesting."

"O, yes, certainly, certainly!" was his embarrassed reply, as he bowed to me.

I perceived at once that he had entirely forgotten me. It was a pang that struck my heart keenly, and as my cousin probably perceived it, she drew him aside, and mentioned our former meeting to him. He listened attentively, and seemed to call his best powers of memory into exertion.

"I cannot recollect," he said. "I know that you had a party of ladies here — some very charming ones, no doubt; but, except yourself, I remember no one in particular."

Two large tear-drops fell from my eyes. It was the whole of my past life that I mourned, for with a single word this cruel man had now robbed me of the whole of my previous existence. What now remained to me, and where was compensation to be found for the past? In a few years of suffering, and then in death!

The count took a seat near me, and I collected myself so far as to address some words of courtesy to him. He hardly answered, till I turned the conversation exclusively on himself; then only he seemed to revive, and was evidently pleased when a circle formed round him. But a young lady having been led to the piano, he again grew moody; for he was no longer the sole object of attention, and this he evidently looked upon as a sort of insult.

I remained near him, and as he found me a good listener he endeavoured to resume the thread of the conversation, in which, as it was my wish also, he easily succeeded. I spoke of the journey which led to his former visit at the castle, and he assured me that it had afforded him great pleasure.

"And yet you no longer recollect our walk in the garden, nor my singing?" I had almost added, — "Your love," when reflection saved me from the folly.

"Oh, perfectly, my lady!" was his reply; but I easily perceived that it was a mere piece of commonplace gallantry.

"But, permit me, my lady," he continued: "did I not give you some verses on that occasion, — some pretty, soft, sighing, lyrical effusion? I am sure I must have done so, for, during my tour in this part of the country, I hardly met with a pretty woman to whom I did not show such a mark of attention. Ladies like these things, and if you sing to them, you sing yourself into their hearts; they love to become immortal with poets. If you have any such verses,

pray give them to me, for I retain no copy, though I know that I wrote some very good things at that time. I am printing a new edition of my works, will you not accept a place in it?"

I was no longer able to retain my calmness; my recollection turned to bitterness, and I could not resist the satisfaction of vexing an old fop, for whom I had shed so many tears, and who now told me that I had shared the little attention he had paid me with every pretty woman in the country! I had inspired him with nothing more than the slight, transient satisfaction he experienced in the company of thousands of others! And now he wished to have my secret treasure restored, to expose that to the gaze of the public which I had concealed even from the eyes of friendship,—I who had so wished that only his eyes had rested on those glowing lines! No, never!

"I am truly grieved, my lord count," I replied, "that I no longer possess your valuable autograph. If I rightly recollect, it was a long poem which you did me the honor to dedicate to me,—an elegy, I believe, or something of that kind. But when I ceased to be young, all such matters found their way into the fire; and I fear that your homage must have fed the flames along with the rest."

This told, and my vengeance was complete. His vanity was so deeply hurt that he sprang quickly from his seat, and haughtily uttering the

words, "Great pity!" left me to enjoy the satisfaction of having so skilfully winged the dart.

What further passed I shall not relate. Why, indeed, should I? Here I am now sitting in the very same place where I first thought of him, and I may say, loved him. My childish letters, his verses, his portrait, I have consigned to the flames. I am now nothing more than an old woman, whose reason was never before sufficiently on its guard, but who has now received a shock which has brought her to herself, and who can, fortunately, still look back upon the past without shame, though not without regret for folly. However severe has been the blow which has cured me of my errors, I am yet bound to bear it with gratitude; for it has enabled me, after hours of reflection, to tear off the veil that for years had covered my eyes. But on what am I now to rest them?

I had often resolved never to join what is termed the saintly sisterhood, and did not know that a call to that effect might yet be awakened in my solitary and forsaken heart. May Heaven forgive me! I now know and feel that there is nothing true but God, and to Him my last days shall be dedicated. Oh, that I had sooner thought so! How much error and repentance should I have spared myself, and how much of hope should I have gained!—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE GERMAN EMIGRANTS' JOURNEYINGS AND ADVENTURES.

The German Emigrants' Journeyings and Adventures—[*Der Deutschen Auswanderer, &c.* [By Friedrich Gerstäcker. Leipzig, Brockhaus; London, Williams & Norgate.

The substance of this entertaining book—which relates the fortunes of a company of German adventurers, bound for the land of promise, with the design of forming a colony there—is evidently no fiction. It appears, indeed, as one of the volumes of a series of popular tales; and the author has added certain romantic flourishes to the main outline of his story, which very successfully fulfil the usual conditions of a novel. But it is impossible to read many pages without perceiving that he is telling what he must himself have seen, known, and suffered—so minute and circumstantial is the narrative: and as he is gifted with considerable powers of observing and describing, the reality of his work renders it

extremely life-like and engaging. Any true account—and such, in the main, this undoubtedly is—of what befalls the exiles from Europe in their attempts to settle in the New World, will always have a certain interest for those who remain behind. The widest scope now left for adventure—the only field that remains open for the display of personal energy in conflict with the rude forces of nature—is reserved for the traveller in some remoter parts of the globe, or for the pioneer who turns his back on civilized life to found a home for himself in the woods and wilds of a new country. The interest which in former times found its object in the perils and exploits of the wandering knight, must now turn for gratification to the journal of the Arctic voyager, or the narrative of the emigrant or backwoodsman. To English readers, especially, it is something new to learn how it fared with a party of German emigrants in North America. Of the fortunes of many of our own countrymen, who

have gone thither on the same errand, we have perhaps sufficiently heard. But we are little acquainted with what the crowds that have for many years past been leaving Germany for the United States, may have to say of their experience. We are glad, therefore, to meet with a writer who is evidently no stranger to this little known history; and who has not only had a personal share in the emigrant's lot, and a close acquaintance with many features of that New World to which hope allures him, but a quick eye, as well, to read the characters of men and things, and a ready masculine pen to record his observations.

As to the general impression left from reading this book — which, once for all, we shall treat as being essentially a real, and not a fictitious history — we are chiefly struck with the close resemblance which it shows between the results of the German's experience and that which British emigrants have too often had to relate. The colonist from Oldenburg, or the Black Forest, indeed, from his landing at New York to his settlement in Tennessee or Ohio, enters in many respects on a series of circumstances quite different from those which meet the English wanderer. He usually betakes himself to some district where others of his own nation have already begun to settle; and throughout the process of domestication, his career in the United States lies as distinct from that of the English or Irish colonist, as were his previous habits and condition while in the "old country." To one conclusion, however, both come at last — if we may depend on the evidence of this intelligent and well-informed German reporter. Through different ways, but with the same result, each is lured by the same extravagant hopes — commits similar mistakes — clings to old habits and prejudices with equal tenacity and detriment to himself — is exposed to the same kind of tricks and deceptions — must learn wisdom at the same cost of disappointment and suffering — and finally, if he bears the seasoning and still determines to stay in the New World, has, lessoned by experience, to begin afresh, and with humbled expectations labor patiently on the soil, winning from it by degrees, through years of hardship and privation, a rude and moderate independence, in place of the sudden riches he expected. Such, at least, is the moral of the exceedingly well-written and interesting story told by Herr Gerstäcker.

At Bremen we are first introduced to the party. They are of all ranks — some merchants, a barrister, a "Von" of the landed class, a clergyman with wife and two fair daughters (to whom we naturally look for the romance of the tale), sundry mechanics and workmen of various trades, and some dozen of peasants — gathered from

different parts of Germany. They have agreed to unite for the purpose of founding a colony across the Atlantic; appointed a directory to conduct the enterprise, consisting of the more educated of the party; contributed in certain proportions to a common purse to defray the cost of the voyage and purchase land for the settlement; and embarked full of hope, in the idea of suddenly finding themselves a thriving community in a virgin land. The discordant elements of the union, however, soon begin to disturb its harmony. The mechanics and laborers threaten to fall out even during the voyage, and are hardly prevented from rebelling against the "grand gentlemen" whom they lately elected as their leaders. The condition of the steerage passenger in bad weather, indeed, is harassing enough to excuse discontent.

The following night-scene between decks describes with the fidelity of an eye-witness the terrors of an incident apparently so trifling as the "fetching away" of a pile of luggage in a gale of wind: —

A hollow sea was running, and the waves thundered with heavy blows against the sides of the ship, which quivered to her heart at every stroke. Yet the gale had not blown long enough to raise the waves much; and heeling over to the wind — the position in which a vessel is both safer, and has less violent motion than when it blows directly astern and the lofty mass sways from side to side — the good ship shot rapidly through the dark water, dashing the foam from her bows, while most of the passengers quietly and without alarm fell to sleep. * * A wild confused cry, a thumping and washing of heavy bodies, an almost stupefying piercing pain in the head, waked him [Werner]. Alarmed and surprised, he opened his eyes; and although every thing around was hidden in pitchy darkness, he instantly perceived that the ship must have changed her tack, and was in consequence lying over on the other side, on which his berth was; for his head was thrown downwards, while his feet were pointed almost perpendicularly upwards. He changed his position in all haste. The frightful din between decks, however, went on; and creeping out of his berth, he became at once aware of the alarming condition in which he and the rest of his fellow passengers were at the moment. * * * The luggage had been lashed to the stanchions, as usual in passenger ships, and in such a way, too, that most of the lids and covers might be opened to give the owners access to their stores of food and clothing; — but one of the peasants, not at once comprehending the reasonable purpose of keeping the baggage fast, and the risk which might attend the neglect of this precaution, had, in spite of the dissuasions of the others, loosened one of the ropes, in order to get more easily at something in his chest. The little tailor, who lay in the berth above him, may very likely have had a prophetic fear of the trunks and cases dancing about in disorder; for he had attempted

to fasten them as before; but being ignorant of the mystery of knotting ropes, had done it but poorly; so that when the ship began to plunge — when the whole weight of the baggage was swayed over, now on this side, now on that, — the fastening gave way, and down came clattering first the little boxes and cases from the top of the pile, followed at last by the heavy ordnance, the immense chests of the emigrants. Many of them, indeed, with laudable zeal, instantly leaped out of their cribs when they perceived the danger; but from the frantic motions of the ship, they could hardly keep themselves on their legs, how much less master these heavy weights — and were fain, as a sudden shift of the vessel threw the whole mass against them, to regain in all haste their berths, which were protected by stout planks, in order to save themselves from being lamed or crushed to death by the luggage which came falling upon them. Their condition now was terrible; and was made sadder by the moans of one of the young fellows, who, in attempting to reach the hatchway and get on deck, had been badly wounded by some of the chests falling upon him — while from all the berths the noise was increased by the wailing of the women, the screams of children, and the groans and sobs of the sea-sick. It was a frightful confusion; and in vain did they all rage and cry for help from the sailors. In the darkness they could have done nothing, had they even had leisure to attend to the unfortunate passengers. Then, when all might suppose the alarm had reached a height that could not be increased, there pierced through all the din and uproar, through all the groaning and complaining, a cry of agony and unspeakable horror so wild, that even the sick and the children hearkened to the sound, and for the moment an absolute hush followed the dismal tumult. It was but for a moment; and the fearful exclamation, "A corpse! a corpse!" sounded from berth to berth, from lip to lip!

At New York, while waiting for the choice of a proper lot of land, the wanderers, being necessarily dispersed, fall into different curious scenes. Some of them are sorely fleeced by low innkeepers of their own nation; of whom, wherever found in the United States, Herr Gerstäker gives the worst possible character. The directors here fall in with a naturalized countryman — a certain dexterous Doctor Normann; who, in the most disinterested manner, offers to help them to a good purchase; and at length discovers for them a perfect jewel of a "location" in Tennessee, a few miles up the Big Halchee, a "fine river, flowing into the Mississippi, by Jackson Town." This location consists of excellent land, already partly cleared — though from some accidental cause it has been lying unoccupied for a few years — houses already built and fences erected in a part of the estate, sufficient for immediate use, with sundry other easements and advantages. The adventurers think they have fallen on a stray lot of Paradise; and at once agree to conclude

the purchase. The money is paid down in New York; and the party set forth, by Albany, Buffalo, Lake Erie, and the railways, and down the Ohio, to take possession of their new inheritance. A weary and expensive business they find this long overland journey to be. In spite of warning that most of the lumber will be useless, they persist in dragging with them a load of furniture and implements such as they have been used to in Germany. At length the cost of carriage and the falling state of the common fund compel them to leave a part at Buffalo in charge of a "highly respectable" German tavern-keeper, who has no recollection of the deposit when it is inquired after some months later. By degrees they approach the promised land. Dr. Normann, who has accompanied the party so far, falling by the way into a violent passion for the parson's eldest daughter, Bertha, leaves them at Cincinnati, in a rather suspicious manner. The scene when they enter the Mississippi becomes less and less inviting at every league. The weather is frightful, the sky pouring down rain like a deluge. At length they arrive at the landing-place, the site of the promised "town," at the mouth of the Big Halchee, which it has puzzled the Germans on their way thither to hear called by the Americans a *creek*. They have never heard that this term was the English for "river;" and a fine river, of course, the Big Halchee must be, "as bespoken."

They now drew every hour nearer to the end of their journey; and the captain (of the steam-boat) said to the elder Siebert, who could speak English, that he should land them at about one in the morning at the mouth of the Big Halchee. "Do you know the place?" Siebert asked him. "No, I don't; but the pilot thinks there is a little creek of that name, and that it lies somewhere between Randolph and the northern boundary of Tennessee." — "What, then, is the name of the town at its mouth?" "Town? there is no town at all in that place." — "No town? But a village, in it, of some kind?" "O yes! a woodcutter, with his family, lives there, unless he has cleared out again: these chaps are fond of moving." — "Strange!" muttered Siebert to himself. * * It was already past midnight when the bell was rung for landing; and from without, the thunder, rattling on all sides, accompanied its echoes, which sounded far through the night. Soon afterwards a burning torch was seen waving on the left bank; and the boat wheeled round, in order to lie-to with head to the stream. At the same moment the captain came into the between decks, and called out, — "Mouth of the Big Halchee! Now, you who are for the shore!" Thereupon came the sailors and firemen, and seized on every thing they could lay hands on, and tumbled it overboard; not on the upper ledge of the river's bank, but close to the water's edge, where some fifteen fathoms of firewood lay

to maintain themselves and preserve their goods until they can either begin to clear and cultivate this hopeless spot, or move off, as the farmer advises them to do without delay, to a better. They bitterly feel that they have been deceived; and vow dire vengeance on the insidious Dr. Normann. Still, the land has been bought and paid for: they are here,—and cannot resolve at once, like wise men, to give up the affair as a total failure which delay can only make worse.

They have struggled on in this way for a few weeks, when, to the surprise and indignation of all, the wily Dr. Normann appears in the "clearing," accompanied by a cunning-looking Yankee, one Turner or Trevor. The settlers hardly refrain, at first sight, from taking summary vengeance on the fellow:—but he soon contrives to appease them. Their wonder and disappointment, he declares, could not be greater than his own on learning, at Cincinnati, the true state of the land. He had been misled by the rascal who sold it in New York; and is now come to collect proofs of the cheat, with Trevor for his witness, in order to obtain for the emigrants due legal redress. The simple Germans are cajoled into believing this shallow fiction—and consent to receive Normann and Trevor as friends and guests. These scoundrels, however, have come for a very different purpose. Normann has planned a scheme of abduction. Bertha, during the journey, had peremptorily resisted his addresses; her heart in the meanwhile having been gained by a young fellow-passenger. As the lover in question did not belong to the expedition, he had parted from them at New York,—in the hope of rejoining Bertha, however, after he should have settled his own plans;—for he, too, visits America in search of a fortune. In his company we travel to Philadelphia and New Orleans—to which cities he has letters of recommendation; and where he learns from a young German-Kentuckian, in whom he finds a friend, many hints of the utmost value to a young adventurer, that change his plans, and determine him at last to give up all hope of sudden riches in the great cities, and try his fortune on a humbler scale as a working farmer. Meanwhile, love draws him back irresistibly to the mouth of the Big Halchee; and at the very moment when he is steaming towards it up the Mississippi, the accomplices Normann and Trevor carry off the pastor's two daughters. Of the events of the attempted abduction and of the rescue we shall only say, that the lover and Wolfgang fortunately appear from different points at the right moment, and recover the fair captives after an animated chase.

It is not to the fictitious part of the book that we attach the chief value,—although this bit of

novel-writing is quite equal to any of Cooper's favorite passages of pursuit and escape. We must keep to the history of the emigrants. Though hopeless, disorganized, and sickly, they agree to try to hold together a little longer, in spite of the farmer's advice and of the dissensions already beginning to work amongst them. Werner and his two friends betake themselves, with Wolfgang, to their plans of farming in the healthier region of Arkansas—the former promising to return and claim Bertha as soon as he can offer her a home. He works hard, benefiting by his friend's experience, and using his little capital prudently. In a year he has so far attained his wish that he can, with hard work, hope to maintain a wife; and hereupon, with his two friends, hastens back to the colony on the Big Halchee, christened by its members, alas! (before they had reached the spot) *Hopetown*. As they approach it from the inland bluffs, they perceive no sign of life or work in the neighbourhood.—

The way, even when they drew near the settlement, seemed as if it had not been used for a length of time: the *blazes* were grown up, and the yellow autumn leaves hid even the slightest vestige of a path. Helldorf [the Kentuckian] smiled quietly in his sleeve, and only once remarked, after they had ridden forward in silence for some time, "The young colony seems to keep itself rather independent; at all events, it cannot have much traffic with the interior." * * Still, as they ride on, no sign of life meets them—no cattle is feeding in the woods—no noise of the woodcutter is heard. Hark! that was something that sounded like the stroke of an axe. Werner threw himself from his horse and rushed forward—forcing his way eagerly through bush and brake. But, merciful Heaven! how desolate and forsaken the place looked! Where was the bustle and swarm of a merry, busy tribe of industrious laborers, who should then have been intent on reaping the blessing of their fields or making preparation for the coming winter? Where was the fulfilment of all those hopes which these hundred souls had come to cherish here, in the belief that they were providing years of future happiness for their children? All were gone! Gone were those plans and dreams,—those newly-raised castles in the air,—those ideas of community of purpose and of brotherly union. Strife and discontent had scattered their seeds here, too, amongst the various settlers in this Mississippi swamp; or, rather, seeds long before sown had shot up in it, and come to an evil maturity; and the miserable fragments only of what had filled the better sort amongst them with hope and trust, remained—as if to bear witness to Heaven against the unsocial spirit and the harsh animosities of men! * * "There is one man yonder, at least," said Werner,—“there, with his back towards us, chopping wood; now he turns this way. By all that lives! that is Hehrmann: but how pale he looks!”

piled up. This wood another gang of laborers, at the same time, began to carry on board; and the whole business really presented a scene of terrible disorder and confusion. Women were complaining, children screaming, men swearing. The rain came rushing down from heaven in abundant floods; and it was a hard and rueful task to get the females as well of Hehrmann's as of the other families dragged up the steep banks of the stream, on which, by the light of a pitch-pine brand they had got from the steam-boat, they perceived a small solitary hovel, the door standing open, and a faintly-glimmering fire burning on the hearth. The owner of the house and of the wood-pile accompanied them to the entrance, and made them a sign to come in. But Siebert, who had previously exchanged a few words with him, whispered as the latter turned aside, "Do not crowd too near the bed; the wife of our host is lying in it; she died about an hour since." These words were uttered with such fearful composure, that Pastor Hehrmann, greatly shocked, looked round towards the American; but he went down again without uttering a word, to the steamboat, to receive payment for his wood. * * The hovel was too small to hold all the party; many of whom, besides, were afraid of entering because of the body lying in it. Fortunately, there was another kind of shed, or "smoke-house," behind the log hut; in which the rest found a miserable place of refuge. It was a dismal night: the storm raved around the house, till the weak shingles on the roof clapped and quivered; and the rain came driving through the crevices here and there in thin spouts. The mosquitoes seemed insatiable, and swarmed about the poor sufferers to a degree almost intolerable. The young children, especially, made restless by this plague as well as by all the other strange discomforts of the place, could not be kept quiet, and by their screaming increased the miserable and ominous feeling of the party. Above all,—mute and motionless, heeding neither the insects nor any of the other disturbances, there sat the young farmer by the pallet of his dead wife, which was protected by a thin mosquito-net hung over it. Without uttering a sound, he sat staring into the fire, which now blazed freely; and his left hand, all the night through, grasped the hand of the corpse. The elder Siebert, indeed, once made an attempt to approach and offer some consolation; but the unhappy man made a sign that he must be left to himself,—and remained with fixed eyes, gazing into the glow on the hearth. He was alone with his wife, and seemed not to be in the least aware of the presence of so many strange people.

When the widower comes to himself, it is discovered that he also is a German; whom some mischance in Arkansas has brought to this dismal spot. After the interment of the poor young wife, this man, Wolfgang, becomes an invaluable friend, without whose aid and experience the emigrants must have perished in this wilderness. From him they learn, too late, the real character of the swampy and pes-

tiferous spot to which they are bound. With his help and guidance, however, the party set forth to seek it. The distance, of a few miles only, cannot be reached in a day through an almost impervious forest. There is no road; and the creek is only navigable for canoes during the rainy months. The emigrants bivouac for the first night in the forest. At length they struggle through the woods to the site of the promised "clearing." Pastor Hehrmann, seeing no sign of the fields, fences, dwelling-houses, or "maize crib," is sure they must have missed the way. —

"Oh! that we have taken right enough," replied Wolfgang. * * "And if my senses do not deceive me, we must now be on the very spot itself." "On the proper way to it, you mean," said the elder Siebert,—who had at the moment joined them, and now gazed around from right to left, seemingly in the hope of finding some kind of path by which they might get round the thicket of young trees and underwood that lay in their way, so closely grown up with creepers and ground-shrubs that it was impossible to penetrate through it. "No! on the very spot itself," said Wolfgang, as he looked more closely at the place. "Do not you see that log of a tree, which has been felled some years ago?" continuing, as the other men of the party crowded round him; — "the lower part is gone; it has been made into fence-stakes; and yonder, — sure enough, I have made no mistake, for — there the fence itself has been; look! here are still some half-rotten bits of it remaining." "But the field?" asked Becker in consternation. "T was where that coppice grows now," replied the German; — "truly enough, a mere labyrinth of suckers and brushwood; the land, at all events, seems to be very rich here." But "it was said we should find land already cleared for working!" cried Herbold, stepping forward in actual horror; "surely you will not tell us that this wilderness has ever been a field of fifteen acres?" "I was never here before," replied the farmer quietly, "and must therefore examine the spot further; but if your land has not been cultivated for the last fifteen years, you may rely on it that if this be not the field, it will hardly, whenever we do find it, look better than that which is now before you. However, let us hope the best."

Nothing better, however, can be found. The clearing, long since abandoned, has returned to its original forest state. The huts have partly rotted into dust; and the main house, built too near the stream, has fallen bodily, with the ground on which it stood, into the Big Halchee, in some of the autumn freshes. The emigrants have to make what they can out of a mere wilderness: — in which every thing has to be done from the beginning. With Wolfgang's help they get some trees felled, build huts sufficient to keep off the rain, and make other arrangements

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRAINAGE OF HAARLEM LAKE.—We learn from a source on which we can rely, that the drainage of Haarlem Lake, in Holland, progresses satisfactorily; and that other engines, with improvements, are now constructing in Cornwall, to hasten the completion of that great work. When finished, it is understood, the sewage of all the cities and great towns bordering on the lake, will, by the same engines, be conveyed to and over the surface of the bed of the lake, to irrigate it; so that, in all human probability, fifty-six thousand acres now covered with water and the waste land adjoining, will, within the next seven years, be furnishing corn and cattle to the Dutch and London markets—the result of science combined with practice. We learn, also, that the same parties who are engaged in this magnificent undertaking are in communication with the Egyptian government on the subject of employing similar engines to irrigate districts above the ordinary rise of the Nile, for the purpose of growing cotton, flax, &c. — *Mark Lane Express*.

From Egypt it is stated that the works at the Barrage of the Nile are progressing rapidly—the workmen laboring day and night. Two years, at the present rate of expenditure, will, it is hoped, yield a favorable solution of the long pondered problem. Tineh is the spot suggested by Linant Bey as most eligible for the Mediterranean mouth of the proposed Suez Canal. But “if no more desirable spot,” says a correspondent of the *Times*, “can be found, the sooner the idea of uniting the two seas is abandoned, the better for the projectors; as a ship drawing much water cannot approach the coast within a couple of miles, and the land is so low that it can barely be seen at that distance, excepting in the finest weather.” — *Athenæum*.

A parliamentary return, just issued, shows that 825,901 persons visited the British Museum during the year 1846. Of these 750,601 inspected the general collections, 66,784 studied in the library, 4,126 visited the sculpture gallery, and 4,390 the print room; 52,287 went over the Tower. The number of visitors to the National gallery during the year 1846 was 608,140.

The first great meeting of the Prussian Philharmonic Society of Workmen was held at Neustadt-Eberswalde, on the 12th inst. The singers numbered three thousand six hundred—being an assemblage of sixteen different societies, coming from as many different places—their members in holiday attire, and each body bringing its own guild banners, &c. They met in the open air, and sang—according to the good German custom—with the accompaniment of wind

instruments. In the evening a festival was held—if that might be called such, from which wine and spirits were excluded by a bye-law—the only liquor permitted being beer. The bare idea of what must have been consumed on the occasion will make the heads ache of those who, like ourselves, have made acquaintance with the German “capacity to imbibe.”

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 De la politique des Français en 1846; par le Comte I. d'Harcourt. Paris. \$1.60.
 Le Caucase Pittoresque, dessiné d'après na-

In a few moments, all that remained of the colony was assembled around the young farmers, in Hehrmann's hut — the pastor, his wife and two daughters, with an orphan boy, Carl, who had refused to leave them when the rest went their way at various times, one in this direction, one in that, as they grew weary or fancied they had better hopes elsewhere — or, at last, as to the poorer sort, whenever they could find means of getting away. Siebert made off early, with all that was left of the common purse. The craftsmen set forth in different parties to seek for journey-work in the nearest towns. All, by degrees, forsook the old pastor; who clung to the wreck of "Hopetown" — helping his flock while they stayed, and giving his last dollar to those who would leave it, until he had deprived himself of the means of quitting the spot. For some time the small solitary family had found it hard enough to keep alive in this dismal place: — and glad they well might be of the appearance of friends who came as deliverers. How the love affair of Bertha and Werner ended, and in what manner the survivors of the colony became fixed in a more happy settlement, it is needless to relate. Suffice it to say, that the fortunes of those whom we have learned to love in this history take, on the whole, a satisfactory turn; and that what we learn of the other adventurers, — some of whom fall into sad conditions and none of

whom greatly prosper, — seems to be quite as good as they had at all deserved.

Herr Gerstäcker seems to be a genial observer of the humors and ways of men, as well as apt in the business of daily life — with some readiness in portraying both in a simple, dramatic fashion. The tempers and oddities of the motley crew of pilgrims from Bremen are drawn with a freshness, and a truth to the special dialects and features of the different provinces and trades from which they were collected, that it would not be easy to reproduce in an English translation. The smith — the bold, burly brewer — the little tailor, half-sly, half-sheepish — the flourishing man of law — the rough, simple Oldenburger poor — and the meek, but somewhat too child-like pastor, are each and all kept in consistent life-likeness throughout the whole course of the adventure; and in many of their mishaps and experiences and dialogues present themselves with that mixture of good-natured rusticity and awkward humor that seems to be native to the ordinary German mind. The book, in short, is full of pleasant reading, as well as of sagacious remark; — and must take a useful place in any series of works written for the people of a country that almost vies with our own in the number of exiles whom it annually sends across the Atlantic.—*Athenæum*.

COLLECTANEA.

WHERE IS MY HEART.

Where is my heart?
Its place of rest is not within this aching breast:
Where does it dwell?
It is not in the glittering hall,
Where sunbright glances gaily fall
'Neath pleasure's spell.

Where is my heart?
Not in the crowd 'mid mirth and wine and revel
loud;
It is not there.
Nor is it where the summer's sky
Gives birth to flowers of brightest dye,
And balmy air.

Where is my heart?
Upon the sea, where dwell the joyous and the free,
It has not gone.
My withered heart, it has not flown
Where love or hope or joy is known,
Or pleasures dawn.

Where is my heart?

To the cold grave, where yew and cypress darkly
wave,
My heart has fled.
Yes, where the form it worshipped sleeps,
My blighted heart its vigil keeps,
Beside the dead.
Southern Literary Messenger.

BONAPARTE. — Napoleon was no dancer. On one occasion a ball was given him in honor of a beautiful victory. The temptation to dance with a certain countess, however, was irresistible. At it the conquering general went, and succeeded about as well as a horse marine. He had no taste for light fantastic movements. At the close of the dance, he turned to his partner, and thus addressed her: "I am very sensible, charming Countess, that I have acquitted myself indifferently; but the fact is, my FORTE lies not so much in dancing myself, as in making others dance."

ture par le prince Gagarine; avec une introduction par le Comte Stackelberg. Paris. \$4.

Voyage en Chine, Cochinchine, Inde, et Malaisie. Par Aug. Haussmann. Paris.

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ADVERTISEMENT.—The DAGUERRETYPE will be issued every other week, at \$3 per annum. This change has been made since our second number was published, at the suggestion of many in whose good judgment we have much confidence, who have thought that the great amount of reading which each number furnishes, is more than subscribers can ordinarily peruse in a single week. This view has been confirmed by all our inquiries, and the expediency of the change is evinced by every day's observation. Those subscribers who have paid for the work in advance, at \$6, will (if it has not already been done) be called upon without delay and the balance refunded. We hope that this arrangement will meet the approbation of all, and that whilst the frequency of the issue is no longer an objection on the part of those whose time for reading is limited, the reduction consequent in the price of the work per annum will secure for it a more extended circulation.

SEPT. 4, 1847.

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